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P O E M S A N D S O N G S.

B Y
THOMAS FLATMAN.

The Third Edition
With Additions and Amendments.

————— *Me quoque Vatem*
Dicunt Pastores, sed non Ego credulus illis.
Virgil.

L O N D O N, ⁱℓ
Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the Ship in
St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1682.

P O E M S

BY
J. G. B. S.

A NEW EDITION

THE LITTLE BOOK

WITH ADDITIONAL
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
J. G. B. S.

NEW YORK

L O N D O N

Printed by J. G. B. S.

TO HIS
G R A C E
THE
D U K E
OF
ORMOND

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c.

In humble acknowledgment of
His Princely Favours

These *P O E M S* are with all Dutiful
Respect

DEDICATED

By his G R A C E's

Ever Oblig'd, and most
Obedient Servant,

Thomas Flatman.

TO HIS

G R A C E

D U C K

O R M O N D

in humble acknowledgment of

the P R O D U C T I O N

of the

D I S T R I C T

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

W*Hen I was prevail'd upon to make
a Third Publication of these Poëms
with some Additions, it was told
me, That without a Preface the Book would
be unfashionable ; Universal Custom had
made it a Debt, and in this Age the Bill of
Fair was as necessary as the Entertainment.
To be Civil therefore, and to comply with Ex-
pectation, instead of an elaborate Harangue
in Commendation of the Art in general, or
what, and how many Qualifications go to the
A 4 making*

The Preface

making up of a Poet in particular, and without such artificial Imbellishments as use to be the Ornament of Prefaces, as Sayings of Philosophers, Ends of Verses, Greek, Latin, Hungarian, French, Welch, or Italian, Be it known unto the Reader, That in my poor Opinion Poetry ha's a very near Resemblance to the modern Experiment of the Ambling-Saddle; It's a good Invention for smoothing the Trott of Prose; That's the Mechanical use of it. But Physically it gives present Ease to the Pains of the Mind, contracted by violent Surfeit of either good or bad Usage in the World. To be serious, 'tis an Innocent Help to Sham a Man's time when it lyes on his hands and his Fancy can Relish nothing else. I speak but my own Experience, when any Accident hath either pleas'd or vex'd me beyond my power of expressing either

to the Reader.

*ther my Satisfaction or Indignation in downright Prose, I found it seasonable for Rhiming; and I believe from what follows it may be discern'd when 'twas Fair Weather, when Changeable, and when the Quicksilver fell down to Storm and Tempest. As to the Measures observ'd by me, I always took a peculiar delight in the Pindariqu' strain, and that for two Reasons, First, it gave me a liberty now and then to correct the saucy forwardness of a Rhime, and to lay it aside till I had a mind to admit It; And secondly, if my Sense fell at any time too short for my Stanza, (and it will often happen so in Versifying) I had then opportunity to fill it up with a Metaphor little to the purpose, and (upon occasion) to run that Metaphor stark mad into an Allegory, a practice very frequent and of admirable use amongst the Moderns, especially
the*

The Preface

the Nobles of the Faculty. But in good earnest, as to the Subjects, which came in my way to write upon, I must declare that I have chosen only such as might be treated within the Rules of Decency, and without offence either to Religion or good Manners. The Caution I receiv'd (by Tradition) from the Incomparable Mr. Cowley, and him I must ever acknowledge but to imitate, if any of the ensuing Copies may deserve the name of Good or Indifferent. I have not vanity enough to prescribe how a Muse ought to be Courted, and I want leizure to borrow from some Treatises I have seen, which look like so many Academies of Compliments for that purpose. I have known a man, who when he was about to write would screw his face into more disguises than Scaramuchio, or a Quaker at a Meeting when his Turn came to mount; his breast heav'd,

to the Reader.

heav'd, his hair stood on end, his eyes star'd,
and the whole man was disorder'd; and truly
when he had done, any body at first reading
would conclude that at the time he made
them he was possess't with an evil Spirit.
Another that seem'd like Nostradamus
(when the Whim took him in the head to Pro-
phesy), he sat upon his Divining Tripod,
his elbow on his knee, his Lamp by his side,
all the avenues of light stopp'd, full of expecta-
tion when the little faint flame should steal
in through a creviss of the Shutters; This
Gentleman indeed writ extreme Melancho-
ly Madrigals. I have had the happiness to
hear of a Third too, whose whole life was
Poëtical, he was a Walking Poëm, and his
way was this; finding that the fall of the
Leaf was already upon him, and prudently
foreseeing that in the Winter of his old Age he
might

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might possibly want Fodder, he carried always about him one of Raimund' Lully's Repositories, a piece of Mathematical Paper, and in what Company soever he came, the Spoon was always ready for the Civet-Cat, nothing scap't him that fell from a Wit: At night his custom was to digest all that he had pirated that Day, under proper Heads; This was his Arsenal, his inexhaustible Magazine, so that upon occasion he had no more to do, than to give a snap, or two to his Nails; a rub or two upon the sutures of his Head, to turn over his Hint-Book, and the Matter was at hand, his business (after that piece of Legerdemain) was only Tacking, and Tagging: I never saw but One of this Author's Compositions, and really It troubled me, because It put me in mind, how much time I had mispent in Coffee-Houses, for there
was

to the Reader.

was nothing in It, but what I could find a Father for There; Nay (with a little recollection,) a man might name most of the Birds from whence he had pluckt his Feathers. Some there are that Beseech, Others that Hector their Muses: Some that Diet their Pegasus, give him his Heats and Ayrings for the Course; Others that endeavour to stop up his broken wind with Medicinal Ale and Bisquet: But these for the most part are men of Industry; Rhiming is their proper Business, they are fain to labour hard, and use much Artifice for a poor Livelyhood, I wish 'em good Trading. I profess I never had design to be incorporated into the Society; my utmost End was meerly for Diversion of my self, and a few Friends whom I very well love: and if the question should be ask'd why these Productions are expos'd, I may truly say, I could not help it;

The Preface.

it, One unlucky Copy, like a Bellweather, stole from me into the Common, and the rest of the Flock took their opportunity to leave the Enclosure. If I might be proud of any thing, it should be the first Copy of the Book, but therein I had the greatest advantage given me that any Noble Subject could afford. And so much for Preface and Poëtry, till some very powerful Star shall over-rule my present Resolution.

ON

ON THE
EXCELLENT POEMS
OF MY

Most Worthy Friend,

Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN.

YOU happy *Issue* of a happy Wit,
As ever yet in charming numbers writ,
Welcome into the *Light*, and may we be
Worthy so happy a Posterity.
We long have wish't for something *excellent*;
But ne're till now knew rightly what it meant:
For though we have been gratifi'd 'tis true,
From several hands with things both *fine* and *new*,
The *Wits* must pardon me, if I profess,
That 'till this time the over-teeming press
Ne're set out *Poesy* in so *true* a *dress*:
Nor is it *all*, to have a share of *Wit*,
There must be *judgment too* to manage it;

For *Fancy's* like a rough, but ready *Horse*, (*force*;
Whose mouth is govern'd more by *skill* than
Wherein (*my Friend*) you do a *Maistry* own,
If not particular to you alone ;
Yet such at least as to all eyes declares
Your *Pegasus* the best performs his *Ayres*.
Your *Muse* can humour all her Subjects so,
That as we *read* we do both *feel* and *know* ;
And the most firm impenetrable breast
With the same *passion* that you *writ's* possessest.
Your *Lines* are *Rules*, which who shall well ob-
Shall even in their *errors* praise deserve : (serve
The boyling youth, whose Blood is all on fire,
Push't on by Vanity, and hot desire,
May learn such conduct here, men may approve
And not *excuse*, but even *applaud* his love.
Ovid, who made an *ART* of what to all
Is in it self but *too too natural*,
Had he but read *your Verse*, might there have seen
The *stile* of which his *Precepts* should have been ;
And (which it seems he knew not) learnt from
To reconcile *frailty* with *Innocence*. (thence

The

The *Love* you write, *Virgins* and *Boyes* may read,
And never be *debaucht* but *better bred* ;
For without *love*, *Beauty* would bear no price,
And *dulness*, than *desire's* a greater vice :
Your greater subjects with such *force* are writ
So full of *Sinewy strength*, as well as *wit*,
That when you are *Religious*, our *Divines*
May *emulate*, but not *reprove your Lines*,
And when you reason, there the learned Crew
May learn to *speculate*, and speak from you,
You no *Prophane*, no *obscene* language use
To *smut your Paper* or *defile your Muse*,
Your gayest things, as well *express'd*, as meant
Are equally both *Queint*, and *Innocent*.
But *your Pindarique Odes* indeed are such
That *Pindar's Lyre* from his own skilful touch,
Ne're yielded such an *Harmony*, nor yet
Verse keep such time on so *unequal feet*.
So by his own generous confession
Great *Tasso* by *Guarini* was out done :
And (which in *Copying* seldom does befall)
The *Ectype's* better than th' *Original*.

But whilst *your* Fame I labour to send forth,
By the ill-doing it I cloud your worth,
In *something* all mankind *unhappy* are,
And you as *mortal* too must have your share ;
'Tis your misfortune to have found a *Friend*,
Who *hurts & injures* where he would *commend*.
But let *this* be your comfort , that *your Bayes*
Shall *flourish green*, mauer an *ill couch't Praise*.

CHARLES COTTON.

T O

TO MY
FRIEND
Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN

upon the Publication of his

POEMS.

I.

AS when a *Prince* his Standard do's erect
And calls his Subjects to the Field,
From such as early take his side,
And readily obedience yield,
He is instructed where he may suspect,
And where he safely may confide ;
So mighty *Friend* !
That you may see
A perfect evidence of Loyalty,
No business I pretend ;
From all th' Incumbrances of humane life,

From nourishing the sinful peoples strife,
And the increasing weaknesſes of Age.

II.

Domestique Care, the Minds Incurable Disease
I am resolv'd I will forget,
Ah ! could I hope the restless pain,
Would now intirely cease,
And never more return again,
My thoughts I would in other order set
By more than protestations I would shew,
Not the Sum total only of the Debt,
But the particulars of all I owe.

III.

This I would do : But what will our desire avail
When active heat and vigour fail ?
'Tis well thou ha'st more youthful combatants
Right able to protect thy Immortality : (than I,
If Envy should attaque thy spotless name,
(And that attaque's the best of things
And into Rigid Censure brings
The most undoubted Registers of Fame)

Their

Their Artillery let them dispend,
Piercing Wit and Murd'ring Eloquence,
Noble conceit and manly Sence,
Charming *Numbers* let 'em shine
And dazle dead in ev'ry line
The Most malicious of thy Foes,
Though Hell it self should offer to oppose;
I (thy decrepit Subject) only can resign
The little life of Art is left, to ransom thine:
Fumblings as bad in Poetry,
And as Ridiculous, as 'tis in Gallantry:
But if a Dart I may prevent,
Which at my *Friend's* repute was meant
Let them then direct at Me,
By dying in so just a War,
I possibly may share
In thy Infallible Eternity.

IV.

But dearest *Friend*
(Before it be too late)
Let us a while expostulate,
What heat of Glory call'd you on,

Your learned Empire to extend
Beyond the Limits of your own Dominion?
At home, you were already crown'd with Bayes;
Why Foreign Trophies do you seek to raise?
Poets Arcana's have of Government,
And tho' the *Homagers* of your own *Continent*
Out of a Sense of duty do submit,
Yet *Publick Print*, a jealousy creates
And intimates a lay'd design
Unto the Neighb'ring *Potentates*.
Now into all your secret Arts they pry,
And weigh each hint by rules of policy,
Offensive Leagues they twine,
In Councils, Rota's, and Cabals they sit,
Each Petty *Burgess* thinks it fit
The *Corporation* should combine,
Against the Universal *Monarchy* of Wit,
And streight declare for quite abjuring it.

V.

Hence then must you, prepare for an Invasion:
Tho not from such as are reclaim'd by Education;

In

In the main points all *European* Wits agree,
All allow Order, Art, and Rules of Decency,
And to be absolutely perfect, ne're was yet
A beauty such, or such a Wit.

I fear the Pagan and the Barbarous,
A Nation quite the *Antipodes* to us ;
The Infidel unletter'd Crew (I mean)
Who call that only Wit,
Which is indeed but the Reverse of it ;
Creatures in whom civility ne're shone,
But (unto Nature's contradiction)
It is their Glory to be so obscene,
You 'ld think the Legion of the unclean
Were from the Swine, (to which they were con-
demn'd) releas'd.
And had these veryer Swine (than them) possess.

VI.

If these should an advantage take
And on thy Fame a Depredation make,
You must submit to the unhappiness ;
These are the common Enemies of our Belief and
And by hostility possess——. (Art,
The

The World's much greater part :
All things with them are measur'd by success :
If the Battle be not won ;
If the Author do not Sell ;
Into they'r dull capacities it will not sink,
They cannot with deliberation think
How bravely the Commander led them on,
No nor wherein the Book was written well :
When, ('tis a thing impossible to do,)
He cannot find his Army courage, (Sir) nor you
Your Readers, learning, wit, and Judgment too.

R. T.

T O M Y
F R I E N D
Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*,

On the Publishing of these his

P O E M S.

L Et not (my *Friend*) th' incredulous *Sceptic*
Man

Dispute what Potent *Art* and *Nature* can !
Let him believe, the *Birds* that did Bemoan
The loss of *Zeuxis Grapes* in Queru'lous Tone,
Were *Silenc'd* by a *Painted Dragon*, found
A *Telesme* to restrain their chatt'ring sound,
And that one made a *Mistress* could inforce
A *Neighing sigh*, Ev'n from a Stallion *Horse* !
Let old *Timanthes* now *unveil* the *Face*
Of his *Atrides*, thou't give *Sorrow grace* !
Now may *Parrhasius* let his *Curtain* stand !
And great *Protogenes* Take off his Hand !

For

For all that *Lying Greece* and *Latium* too
Have told us of, *Thou* (only *Thou*) mak'st *true*.
And all the *Miracles* which they could show,
Remain no longer *Faith*; but *Science* now.
Thou do'st those things that no man else durst do,
Thou *Paint'st* the *lightning*, and the *thunder* too!
The *Soul* and *Voice*! (consent,

Thou'lt make *Turks*, *Jews*, with *Romanists*
To break the *Second* great *Commandment* :
And them perswade an *Adoration* giv'n
In *Picture*, will as Grateful be to Heav'n
As one in *Metre*. Th' Art is in *Excess*;
But yet thy ingenuity makes it *less*.
With *Pen* and *Pencil* thou dost all out-shine,
In *Speaking Picture*, *Poesie Divine*.
Poets, *Creators* are! You made us *Know*
Those are *Above*, and *Dread* those are *Below*;
But 'tis no Wonder you such things can *Dare*
That *Painter*, *Poet*, and A *Prophet* are.
The *Stars* themselves, think it no scorn to be
Plac'd, and Directed in their Way by Thee.
Thou Knowest their *Virtue*, and their *Situation*,
The Fate of *Years*, and every great *Mutation*,
With

With the same Kindness let *them* look on Earth ;
As when they gave thee first *thy happy Birth!*
The sober *Saturn Aspects*, *Cynthia* bright,
Resigning *Hers*, to give us thy *New Light*;
The Gentle *Venus* Rose with *Mercury*,
(Presage of *Softness* in thy *Poesy*)
And *Jove*, and *Mars* in Amicable *Trine*
Do still give *Spirit* to thy *Polish'd Line*.
Thou *mayst* do what thou *wilt* without controul :
Only thy self and Heav'n can Paint thy Soul.

FRAN. BARNARD.

T O

TO HIS
ESTEEMED FRIEND
Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*

upon the Publishing of his

P O E M S.

YOur *Poems* (*Friend*) come on the publick
Stage

In a Debauch'd, and a Cenforious Age ;
Where nothing now is counted *Standard Wit*,
But what's Prophane, Obscene, or 's bad as it.
For our great *Wits*, like *Gallants* of the times,
(And such they are) Court only those Loose
Rhimes,
Which like their *Misses Patch'd* and *Painted* are;
But scorn what Vertuous is, and truly Fair ;
Such as your *Muse* is, who with Careful Art
For all but *such*, hath wisely fram'd a Part.

One while (methinks) Under some *Gloomy*
I see the *Melancholly Lover* laid, (*Shade.*
Pleasing

Pleasing himself in that his Pensive Fit
With what you have on such Occasion writ.

Another while (methinks) I seem to hear
'Mongst those, who sometimes will unbend their
(Care,
And steal themselves out from the busie Throng,
Your pleasant *Songs* in solemn *Consort Sung*.

Again (methinks) I see the grave *Divine*
Lay by his other *Books*, to look on *thine*,
And from thy serious and *Divine Review*
See what our Duty is, and his own too.

Yet *worthy Friend*, you can't but Guess what
(doom
Is like to pass on what you've writ, by some;
But there are others, now *your Book* comes forth,
Who (I am sure) will prize it as 'tis worth,
Who know it fully fraught with *Staple Ware*,
Such as the *Works* of the brave *Cowly* are,
And 'mongst our rarest English *Poems*, Thine
Next unto *His*, immortally shall shine.

RICH. NEWCOURT.

T O

T O M Y
Worthy Friend,

Mr. T H O M A S F L A T M A N.

Upon the Publiſhing of his

P O E M S.

R Ude, and unpoliſh'd as my lines can be,
I muſt ſtart forth into the world with Thee.
That which, yet *Private*, did my wonder raiſe,
Now 'tis made *Publiqu*' challenge's my praiſe :
Such miracles my charming Verſe can do,
Where e're it goes, It draw's me with it too.

This is a kind of *Birthday* to thy *Muſe* !
Transported with delight I cannot chuſe
But bid Her *Welcome to the Light*, and tell,
How much I value what is writ ſo well ;
Tho' Thou reap'ſt no advantage by my Rhime,
More than a Taper helps the Day to ſhine.

Thus

Thus in *dull Pomp* do's th' *Empty Coach* attend
To pay respect to some *departed Friend* !
The difference of Regard in this do's ly,
That Honours Dust, Mine that which cannot Dy.
For what can blast the labours of thy Pen,
While wit and vertue are allow'd by men ?

Thou entertain'st the world with such a Feast
So cleanly and so elegantly drest,
So stor'd with laudable varieties
As may a modest Appetite suffice ;
Who ever is thy Guest is sure to find
Something or other that may please his mind.

Sometimes in *pious flames* thy *Muse* aspire's
Her bosome warm'd with supernatural fires ;
In noble flights with *Pindar*, soar's above ;
Dallie's sometimes with *not-indecent Love*,
Thence down into the *Grave* do's humbly creep,
And renders *Death* desirable as *Sleep*.
The *Debuonair*, the *Melancholy Heer*
Find matter for their Mirth, ease for their Care,
Easie thy Verse, Clean thy Conceptions are,
Neither too proud, Nor too familiar.

Since

Since such Provisions made for all that come,
He must be *squeamish* that goe's *Empty* home;
If *These Refections* cannot do him good,
'Tis 'cause his *Stomack's vitious*, not the *Food*.

FRANCIS KNOLLTS.

TO

TO THE
AUTHOR
ON HIS
EXCELLENT
POEMS

Strange Magick of thy wit and stile
Which to their griefs mankind can Reconcile!
Whilst thy *Philander's* tuneful voice we hear
Condoling our disastrous state,
Tought with a sense of our hard fate,
We sigh perhaps or drop a tear,
But he the mournful Song so sweetly sings,
That more of Pleasure than Regret it brings
With such *becoming grief*
The *Trojan Chief*
Troy's Conflagration did relate,

Whil'st ev'n the *suff'ers* in the Fire drew near
And with a greedy ear
Devour'd the story of their own subverted state.

II.

Kind Heav'n (as to her *darling* Son) to Thee
A double Portion did impart,

A Gift of Painting and of Poesy :

But for thy Rivals in the Painters Art,
If well they *Represent*, they can effect

No more, nor can we more expect.

But more than this *Thy* happy Pencils give ;

Thy draughts are more than Representative,

For, if we'll credit our own eyes, they *Live* !

Ah ! Worthy Friend could Thou maintain the
State

Of what with so much ease thou dost Create,

We might Reflect on Death with Scorn !

But Pictures like th' Originals decay,

Of Colours Those consist, and these of Clay ;

A like Compos'd of *Dust*, to *Dust* alike Return !

Yet

III.

Yet 'tis our Happiness to see
Oblivion, Death, and adverse Destiny
Encountred, Vanquish'd, and disarm'd by thee.

For if thy Pencils fail,

Change thy *Artillery*

And Thou 'rt secure of Victory,
Employ thy *Quill* and thou shalt still prevail.

The Grand Destroyer, greedy Time, reveres

Thy *Fancy's Imag'ry*, and spares

The meanest things that bear

Th' Impression of thy Pen;

Tho' coarse and cheap their natural *mettal* were,
Stamp'd with thy *verse* he knows th' are sacred,
then.

He knows them by that *Character* to be

Predestinate and *set apart* for *Immortality*.

IV.

If native Lustre in thy Theams appear,

Improv'd by thee it shines more clear :

Or if thy Subject's void of native Light,

Thy Fancy need but dart a beam
To guild thy Theam,
And make the *rude mass* beautiful and bright,
Thou vary'st oft thy Strains, but still
Success attends each strain:
Thy verse is always as lofty as the Hill,
Or pleasant as the plain.
How well thy Muse the *Pastoral Song* improves!
Whose *Nymphs* and *Swains* are in their *Loves*,
As innocent and yet as kind as *Doves*.
But most She moves our Wonder and Delight,
When She performs her loose *Pindarick* flight,
Oft to their outmost reach She will extend
Her towring Wings to soar on high,
And then by just degrees descend:
Oft in a swift strait Course She glides,
Obliquely oft the air divides,
And oft with wanton play hangs hov'ring in the
Sky.

Whilst

V.

Whilst Sense of duty into my artless Muse
 Th' ambition would infuse
 To mingle with those *Nymphs* that Homage pay,
 And wait on Thine in her *Triumphant way*,
 Defect of merit checks her forward pride,
 And makes her dread t' approach thy Chariot
 side,
 For 'twere at least a rude Indecency
 (If not *Profane*) t' appear
 At this *Solemnity*,
 Crown'd with no *Lawrel* (as others are)
 But this she will presume to do,
 At *distance* to attend the *show*,
 Officiously to gather of
 The *Scatter'd Bayes*, if any drop
 From others *Temples*, and with those
 A plain *Plebeian Coronet* compose.
 This, as your *Livery*, she'd wear, to hide
 Her *Nakedness*, not gratifie her *Pride*!

Such was the *Verdant dress*
Which the *Offending Pair* did frame
Of *platted Leaves*, not to express
Their *Pride i'th' Novel-garb*, but to *conceal* their
shame.

N. TEAT.

B. A.

TO

T O M Y
D E A R, F R I E N D
Mr. T H O M A S F L A T M A N.

Upon the Publication of his
P O E M S.

Pindariq' Ode.

I.

Within the haunted thicket, where
The feather'd *Choristers* are met to play ;
And celebrate with voices clear,
And accents sweet, the praise of *May* :
The *Ouzel*, *Thrush*, and speckled *Lark*,
And *Philomel*, that loves the *dawn* and *dark* :
These (*the inspired throng*)
In *numbers smooth*, and *strong*
Adorn their *noble Theme* with an immortal *Song*,

While Woods, and Vaults, the Brook and neighbouring Hill,
Repeat the varied close, and the melodious *Trill*.

II. 2 A M O N

Here feast your *Ears*, but let your *Eye*
Wander, and see one of the lesser frie
Under a leaf, or on a dancing twig,
Ruffle his *painted* feathers, and look big,
Pirk up his taylor, and hop between
The boughs; *by moving*, only to be seen,
Perhaps his *troubled* breast he prunes,
As he doth *meditate* on his *tunes* :
At last (*compos'd*) his little head he rears,
Towards (what he strives to imitate) the
Sphears ;
And chirping then begins his best,
Falls on to *Pipe* among the rest ;
Deeming that *all's* not worth a *rush*,
Without his *Whistle* from the bush.

Th' harmonious

III.

Th' *harmonious sound* did reach my ear,
 That *eccho'd Thy clear Name*,
 Which all must know, who e're did hear,
 Of *Cowley* or *Orinda's* fame;
 I heard the *Genius*, with surprizing Grace,
 Would visit us with his fair off-spring, gay
 As is the morning spring in *May*;
 But fairer much and of *immortal race*.

IV.

Delighted greatly, as *I listning* stood,
 The *sound* came from each corner of the *wood*;
 It both the *Shrubs*, and *Cedars* shak't,
 And *my drowsy Muse* awak't;
 Strange that the *sound* should be so shrill,
 That had its *passage* through a *Quill*.
 Then I resolv'd *Thy praises* to rehearse,
 The wonders of *Thy Pen*, among the *Croud*
 Of thy *learn'd Friends* that sing so loud:
 But 'twas not to be sung, or reach't in *verse*.

By

By *my weak notes*, Scarce to be *heard*,
Or if they could, *not worth regard*;

Desisting therefore I must only send
My very kind *well wishes* to my *Friend*.

Octav. Pulleyn.

THE

T H E

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POEMS.

*On the DEATH of the RIGHT
HONOURABLE*

THOMAS

EARL of

OSSORY.

Pindaric Ode.

Stanza. I.

NO more !---Alas that bitter word, *No more!*
The Great, the Just, the Generous, the
The universal Darling of Mankind, (Kind,
The Noble *Ossory* is now *No more!*

B

The

P O E M S.

The Mighty Man is fall'n——
 From Glory's lofty Pinacle,
 Meanly like one of Us He fell,
 Not in the hot pursuit of Victory,
 As Gallant Men would chuse to dy;
 But tamely, like a poor Plebeian, from his Bed
 To the dark Grave a Captive led;
 Emasculating Sighs, and Groans around,
 His Friends in Flouds of Sorrow drown'd;
 His awful Truncheon, and bright Arms laid by,
 He bow'd his glorious Head to Destiny.

II.

Celestial Powers, how unconcern'd you are?
 No black Eclipse, or Blazing-Star
 Presag'd the Death of this Illustrious Man,
 No Deluge, no, nor Hurricane;
 In her old wonted course Nature went on,
 As if some common thing were done,
 One single Victim to Deaths Altar's come,
 And not in *OSSORT* an whole Hecatombe.
 Yet, when the Founder of Old *Rome* expir'd,

When

P O E M S.

3

When the *Pellëan* Youth resign'd his Breath,
 And when the great *Dictator* stoop'd to Death;
 Nature and all her Faculties retir'd ;
 Amaz'd she started when amaz'd she saw
 The breaches of her ancient Fundamental Law,
 Which kept the World in aw ;
 For men less brave than *Him* , her very Heart did
 (ake,

The labouring Earth did quake,
 And Trees their fixt Foundations did forsake ;
 Nature in some prodigious way
 Gave notice of their fatal Day.
 Those lesser Grievs with pain she thus exprest,
 This did confound, and overwhelm her Brest.

III.

Shrink ye *Crown'd Heads*, that think your selves
 (secure,
 And from your mouldring Thrones look
 (down,
 Your greatness cannot long endure.
 The *King of Terrors* claims you for his own ;
 You are but Tributaries to his dreadful Crown,

Renown'd, Serene, Imperial, most August,
Are only high and mighty Epithets for Dust.

In vain, in vain so high

Our tow'ring expectations flie,

While th' Blossoms of our hopes, so fresh, so
(gay,

Appear, and promise Fruit, then fade away.

From valiant *OSSORY*'s ever Loyal Hands

What did we not believe ?

We dream't of yet unconquer'd Lands

He to his *Prince* could give,

And Neighbouring Crowns retrieve ;

Expected that he would in Triumph come

Laden with Spoils, and *Affrick* Banners home,

As if an *Hero's* years

Were as unbounded as our fond Desires.

IV.

Lament, Lament, you that dare *Honour* love,

And court her at a Noble rate

(Your Prowess to approve,)

That dare religiously upon *Her* wait,

And

P O E M S.

5

And blush not to grow Good, when you grow
 (Great,
 Such Mourners suit *His* Vertue, such *His* State.
 And you, brave Souls, who for your Countrie's
 (good
 Did wond'rous things in Fields, and Seas of
 (Blood,
 Lament th' undaunted Chief that led you on;
 Whose exemplary Courage could inspire
 The most degenerate Heart, with Martial-English
 (Fire.
 Your bleeding wounds who shall hereafter dress
 With an indulgent tenderness;
 Touch't with a melting Sympathy,
 Who shall your Wants supply?
 Since He, your good *Samaritan* is gone,
 O Charity! thou richest Boon of Heaven,
 To Man, in pity given!
 (For when well meaning Mortals give,
 The Poor's, and their own Bowels they relieve;)
 Thou mak'st us with alacrity to Dy,
 Miss't and bewail'd like Thee large-hearted O S-
 (SORT.

V.

Arise ye blest Inhabitants Above,
 From your Immortal Seats Arise,
 And on our Wonder, on our Love
 Gaze with astonish't Eyes.

Arise ! Arise ! make roome,
 Th' exalted *Shade* is come.

See where He comes ! what Princely Port He
 (bears !

How God-like He appears !

His shining Temples round

With Wreaths of everlasting Lawrels bound !
 As from the bloody Field of *Mons* He came,
 Where He out-fought th' Hyperbolies of Fame.
 See how the Guardian Angel of our Isle
 Receiv's the Deifi'd Champion with a Smile !

Welcome the Guardian-Angel say's

Full of Songs of Joy and Praise,

Welcome Thou art to me,

And to these Regions of Serenitie !

Welcome the Winged Quire resounds,

While with loud *Euge*'s all the Sacred place a-
 (bounds. To

To the Memory of the Incomparable

O R I N D A.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

A Long Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble or brave in Woman-kind;
To all the Wonders of their Wit,
And Trophies of their Mind:
The glowing heat of th' holy fire is gone:
To th' Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flowne;
There's nought on earth, but Ashes left behind;
E'r since the amazing sound was spread
Orinda's dead.

Every soft and fragrant word,
All that language could afford;
Every high and lofty thing
That's wont to set the Soul on wing,
No longer with this worthless world would stay.
Thus, when the death of the great *Pan* was told,
Along the shore the dismal tidings roll'd;

The lesser Gods their Fanes forsook,
 Confounded with the mighty stroke,
 They could not overlive that fatal day,
 But sigh'd and groan'd their gasping *Oracles* away.

II.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate !
 And how severe that black Decree !
 No sublunary thing is free,
 But all must enter th' *Adamantine Gate* :
 Sooner, or later must we come
 To Nature's dark retiring Room :
 And yet 'tis pity, Is it not ?
 The Learned, as the Fool should die,
 One, full as low, as t' other Lie ;
 Together blended in the general lot !
 Distinguish't only from the common Croud
 By an *hing'd Coffin* or a *Holland Shroud*,
 Tho Fame and Honour speak them ne'r so loud.
 Alas *Orinda* ! even Thou ;
 Whose happy Verse made others live,
 And certain Immortality could give,
 Blasted are all thy blooming Glories now,

The

P O E M S.

9

The Lawrel withers o're thy brow :
Methinks it should disturb Thee to conceive
That when poor I, this artless breath resign,
My dust should have as much of Poetry as thine !

III.

Too soon we languish with desire,
Of what we never could enough admire.
On th' billows of this World sometimes we rise,
So dangerously high,
We are to Heaven too nigh :
When all in rage ,
(Grown hoary with one minute's age,)
The very self-same fickle wave,
Which the entrancing Prospect gave,
Swoln to a Mountain, sinks into a Grave.
Too happy Mortals if the Powers above,
As merciful would be,
And easie to preserve the thing we love,
As in the giving they are free !
But they too oft delude our wearied eyes,
They fix a *flaming sword* 'twixt us and *Paradise* !
A weeping evening blur's a smiling day,

Yet

Yet why should heads of Gold have feet of Clay ?
 Why should the man that wav'd th' *Almighty*
 That led the murmuring Croud (*wand,*
 By *Pillar* and by *Cloud,*
 Shivering a top of Aëry *Pisgah* stand
 Only to see, but never, never tread the *Promis'd*
 (*Land.*

IV.

Throw your Swords and Gauntlets by
 You daring Sons of War !
 You cannot purchase e'r you die
 One honourable Scar,
 Since that fair hand that guilded all your Bayes ;
 That in Heroick numbers wrote your praise,
 That you might safely sleep in Honours Bed,
 It self, alas ! is wither'd, cold, and dead,
 Cold and dead are all those charms
 That burnisht your victorious arms ;
 Those useles things hereafter must
 Blush first in Blood, and then in Rust :
 No oil, but that of her smooth words can serve,
 Weapon and Warriour to preserve.

Expect

P O E M S.

II

Expect no more from this dull Age
But folly, or Poëtick rage,
Short-liv'd nothings of the stage,
Vented to day, and cry'd to morrow down ;
With her the Soul of Poesie is gone,
Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch, as she has done,
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little shining drops are flown,
E're th' drowsie world perceiv'd that *Manna* was
(come down.

V.

You of the *Sex* that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come,
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dress you by *Orinda's* Tomb,
And leave your flattering Glass at home,
Within that Marble Mirror see,
How one day such as she
You must, and yet alas! can never be!
Think on the heights of that vast Soul,
And then admire, and then condole,
Think

Think on the wonders of her generous Pen,
 'Twas she made *Pompey* truly *Great*;
 Neither the purchase of his sweat
 Nor yet *Cornelia's* kindness made him live again:
 With envy think, when to the grave you go,
 How very little must be said of you,
 Since all that can be said of vertuous Woman was
 (her due.

The Review.

Pindarique Ode to Dr. W. S.

Stanza I.

When first I stept into th' alluring Maze
 To tread this world's mysterious ways,
 Alas! I had nor guide, nor clue,
 No *Ariadne* lent her hand,
 Not one of *Vertue's* Guards did bid me stand,
 Or ask't me what I meant to do,
 Or whither I would go:
 This Labyrinth so pleasant did appear,

I lost my self with much content,
Infinite hazards underwent,
Out-straggled *Homer's* crafty *Wanderer*,
And ten years more than he, in fruitless Travels
(spent ;

The one half of my life is gone,
The shadow the *Meridian* past ;
Death's dismal Evening drawing on,
Which much with damps and mists be overcast,
An Evening, that will surely come,
'Tis time, high time to give my self the welcome
(home.

II.

Had I but heartily believ'd,
That all the *Royal Preacher* said, was true,
When first I entred on the Stage,
And vanity so hotly did pursue ;
Convinc'd by his experience, not my age !
I had my self long since retriev'd,
I should have let the Curtain down,
Before the Fools part had begun :
But I throughout the tedious play have been
Concern'd in every busie Scene ;

Too

Too too inquisitive I try'd
 Now this, anon another Face,
 And then a third, more odd, took place,
 Was every thing, but what I was,
 Such was my *Protean* folly, such my pride
 Befool'd through all the Tragy-Comedy,
 Where others met with hissing to expect a *Plau-*
(dite:

III.

I had a mind the *Pastoral* to prove,
 Searching for happiness in Love,
 And finding *Venus* painted with a Dove,
 A little naked Boy hard by,
 The Dove, which has no gall,
 The Boy no dangerous Arms at all ;
 They do thee wrong (great Love) said I,
 Much wrong, great Love! —scarce had I
 'Ere into my unwary bosome came (spoke
 An inextinguishable flame :
 From fair *Amira's* eyes the lightening broke,
 That left me more than Thunder-stroke ;
 She carries tempest in that lovely name :

Love's

Love's mighty and tumultuous pain
 Disorders Nature like an Hurricane.
 Yet could n't I believe such storms could be,
 When I launch't forth to Sea ;
 Promis'd my self a calm, and easie way,
 Though I had seen before,
 Piteous ruins on the shore,
 And on the naked Beach *Leander* breathless lay.

IV.

To extricate my self from Love
 Which I could ill obey, but worse command,
 I took my Pencils in my hand,
 With that Artillery for Conquest strove,
 Like wife *Pigmalion* then did I
 My self design my Deity ;
 Made my own Saint, made my own Shrine:
 If she did frown, one dash could make her smile,
 All bickerings one easie stroak could reconcile,
Plato feign'd no *Idea* so divine :
 Thus did I quiet many a froward day,
 While in my eyes my Soul did play,
 Thus did the time, and thus thy self beguile ;
 Till

Till on a day, but then I knew not why,
 A tear fall'n from my eye,
 Wash't out my Saint, my Shrine, my Deity :
 Prophetique chance ; the lines are gone,
 And I must mourn o're what I doted on :
 I find even *GiOTTO's Circle* has not all perfection.

V.

To Poetry I then inclin'd ;
 Verse that emancipates the mind,
 Verse that unbends the Soul ;
 That Amulet of sickly fame,
 Verse that from *wind* articulate's *Name* ;
 Verse for both Fortunes fit, to smile and to condole.
 'Ere I had long the Tryal made,
 A serious thought made me afraid :
 For I had heard *Parnassus* sacred Hill,
 Was so prodigiously high,
 It's barren Top so near the skie ;
 The *Æther* there
 So very pure, so subtle, and so rare,
 'Twould a *Camæleon* kill
 The Beast that is all Lungs, and feeds on Air :
 Poëts

Poëts the higher up that Hill they go,
Like Pilgrims, share the less of what's below :

Hence 'tis they go repining on,
And murmur more than their own *Helicon*.
I heard them curse their stars in ponderous Rhimes
And in grave numbers grumble at the times ;
Yet where th' Illustrious *Cowley* led the way,
I thought it great discretion there to go astray?

VI.

From liberal Arts to the litigious Law,
Obedience, not Ambition, did me draw ;
I look't at awful Quoise, and scarlet Gown
Through others Opticks, not my own :

Unty the *Gordian Knot* that will,
I see no Rhetorick at all

In them that learnedly can brawl,
And fill with mercenary breath the spacious Hall ;
Let me be peaceable, let me be still.

The solitary *Tisbite* heard the wind,
With strength and violence combin'd,
That rent the Mountains and did make
The solid Earth's foundations shake,

He saw the dreadful fire, and heard the horrid
 (noise,
 But found what he expected in the *small still*
 (voice.

VII.

Nor here did my unbridled fancy rest,
 But I must try
 A pitch more high,
 To read the starry language of the East;
 And with *Caldean* Curiosity
 Presum'd to solve the Riddles of the Skie;
 Impatient till I knew my doom,
 Dejected till the good *direction* come,
 I rip't up Fate's forbidden Womb,
 Nor would I stay till it brought forth
 An easie and a natural birth,
 But was solicitous to know.
 The yet mishapen *Embrio*,
 (Preposterous crime)
 Without the formal Midwifry of time:
 Fond man! as if too little grief were given
 On earth, draws down inquietudes from Heaven!
 Permits himself with fear to be unmann'd,
Belshazzar

P O E M S.

19

Belshazzar-like grows wan and pale,
His very heart begins to fail,
Is frighted at that writing of the hand,
Which yet nor he, nor all his learn'd *Magicians*
(understand.

VIII.

And now at last what's the result of all?
Should the strict *Audit* come,
And for th' Accompt too early call;
A num'rous heap of Ciphers, would be found the
(total Sum;
When incompassionate Age shall plow
The delicate *Amira*'s brow,
And draw his furrows deep and long,
What hardy youth is he
Will after that a Reaper be,
Or sing the Harvest Song?
And what is Verse, but an effeminate vent
Either of Lust or Discontent?
Colours will *starve*, and all their Glories die,
Invented only to deceive the eye;
And he that wily Law does love,
Much more of *Serpent* has than *Dove*,

Behind it a soft Landskip I would lay
 Of melancholly *Golgotha*!
 On th' Altar let me all my spoils lay down,
 And if I had One, there I'de hang my Laurel
 (Crown.
 Give me the *Pandects* of the Law Divine,
 Such was the Law made *Moses* face to shine.
 Thus beyond *Saturns* heavy *Orb* I'll towre,
 And laugh at his malicious power,
 Raptur'd in Contemplation thus I'll go
 Above unactive Earth, and leave the Stars below.

X.

Tost on the wings of every wind,
 After these hoverings to and fro ;
 (And still the waters higher grow)
 Not knowing where a resting-place to find,
 Whether for Sanctuary should I go
 But (Reverend Friend) to you?
 You that have triumpht o're th' impetuous flood,
 That *Noah*-like, in bad times durst be good,
 And the stiff Torrent manfully withstood,
 Can save me too ;

One that have long in fear of drowning bin,
 Surrounded by the rolling waves of sin,
 Do you but reach out a propitious hand
 And charitably take me in,
 I will not yet despair to see dry land.

'Tis done ;—I and no longer fluctuate,
 I've made the Church my *Ark*, and *Sions* Hill my
 (*Ararat*.)

To my Worthy Friend
Mr. SAM. WOODFORD,
on his Excellent Version of the
P S A L M S.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

SEe (worthy friend) what I would do ;
 (Whom neither Muse nor Art inspire)
 That have no Friend in all the sacred Quire,
 To shew my kindness for your Book, and you,
 Forc'd

Forc'd to disparage, what I would admire ;
 Bold man, that dares attempt *Pindariqu'* now,
 Since the great *Pindar's* greatest Son
 From the ingrateful Age is gone,
Cowley has bid th' ingrateful Age adieu ;
 Apollo's rare *Columbus*, he
 Found out new words of Poësie :
 He, like an Eagle, soar'd aloft ;
 To seize his noble prey ;
 Yet as a Dove's, his Soul was soft,
 Quiet as Night, but bright as Day :
 To Heaven in a fiery Chariot He
 Ascended by *Seraphiqu'* Poëtry ;
 Yet which of us dull Mortals since can find
 Any inspiring Mantle, that He left behind ?

II.

His powerful numbers might have done you right ;
 He could have spar'd you immortality,
 Under that Chieftain's Banners you might fight
 Assur'd of Lawrels, and of Victory
 Over devouring time, and sword, and fire,
 And *Jove's* important ire :

My humble Verse would better sing
David the *Shepherd*, than the *King* :
 And yet methinks 'tis stately to be one
 (Tho' of the meaner sort,)
 Of them that may approach a Princes Throne,
 If 'twere but to be seen at Court.
 Such (Sir) is my ambition for a name,
 Which I shall rather take from you, than give,
 For in your Book I cannot miss of Fame,
 But by contact shall live.
 Thus on your Chariot Wheel shall I
 Ride safe, and look as big as *Æsop's* Fly,
 Who from th' *Olympian* Race new come,
 And now triumphantly flown home,
 To's neighbours of the swarm, thus, proudly said,
Don't you remember what a dust I made !

III.

Where e're the Son of *Jesse's* Harp shall sound,
 Or *Israel's* sweetest Songs be sung,
 (Like *Simpson's* Lion sweet and strong)
 You and your happy Muse shall be renown'd,
 To whose kind hand the Son of *Jesse* owes

25

Blood-thirsty *Saul* less barbarous than they,

These did his deathless Poëms slay,

To sing whose Songs in *Babylon* would be

Deposed by these Rebels, you alone

Long in disguise the Royal Prophet lay,

Ne're since his death 'till this illustrious day

Was Scepter in his hand, or Crown plac'd on his
(Head:

As once before proud *Achiss* he appear'd,

With spittle on his sacred Beard,

A laughing-stock to the insulting *Philistine*.

Drest in their Rhimes, he lookt as he were mad,

In *Tyssue* you, and *Tyrian Purple* have him clad.

On

On the Death of the truly valiant

G E O R G E

Duke of

ALBEMARLE.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

NOW blush thy self into confusion
 Ridiculous Mortality;
 With indignation to be trampled on
 By them that Court Eternity;
 Whose Generous Deeds, and Prosperous State
 Seem poorly set within the reach of Fate,
 Whose every Trophy, and each Lawrel wreath
 Depends upon a little breath;
 Confin'd within the narrow bounds of time,
 And of incertain age,
 With doubtful hazards they engage, (climb;
 Thrown down, while victory bids them higher
 Their

Their Glories are eclips'd by Death.
Hard circumstances of Illustrious Men
Whom nature (like the *Scythian* Prince) detain's
Within the Bodies chains
(Nature that rigorous *Tamberlain*)
Stout *Bajazet* disdain'd the barbarous rage
Of that insulting Conquerour,
Bravely himself usurp't his own expiring power,
By dashing out his Brains against his Iron Cage.

II.

But 'tis incident to complain,
And wretched Mortals curse their stars in vain,
In vain they waste their tears for them that die,
Themselves involv'd in the same destiny,
No more with sorrow let it then be said
The Glorious *Albemarle* is dead ;
Let what is said of Him triumphant be,
Words as gay, as His Fame,
And as manly as his Name,
Words as ample as his Praise,
And as verdant as his Bayes,
An *Epinicion*, not an Elegy.

Yet

Yet why should'st thou, ambitious Muse, believe
Thy gloomy Verse, can any splendors give,
Or make him one small Moment longer live?
Nothing but what is vulgar thou canst say;
Or misbecoming numbers sing
What tribute to his memory canst thou pay,
Whose Vertue sav'd a Crown, and could oblige a
(King?)

III.

Many a year distressed *Albion* lay
By her unnatural Off-spring torn,
Once the Worlds terrour, then its scorn,
At home a Prison, and abroad a Prey :
Her valiant Youth, her valiant Youth did kill,
And mutual blood did spill,
Usurpers then, and many a Mushroom Peer
Within her Palaces did domineer ;
There did the Vulture build his Nest,
There the Owls, and Satyrs rest,
By *Zim* and *Obim* all possess'd,
'Till *England's* Angel Guardian, Thou,
With pity, and with anger mov'd
For *Albion* thy belov'd,

(Olive

(Olive Chapplets on thy brow)

With bloudless hands upheld'st her drooping head,
And with thy Trumpets call'dst her from the dead.

Bright *Phosper* to the rising Sun!

That Royal Lamp, by Thee did first appear
Usher'd into our happy Hemisphære;

O may it still shine bright and clear!

No Cloud, nor Night approach it, but a constant
(Noon!

IV.

Nor thus did thy undaunted Valour cease;

Or wither with unactive peace:

Scarce were our Civil broyls allay'd,
While yet the wound of an intestine War,
Had left a tender scar,

When of our new Prosperities afraid,
Our Jealous Neighbours fatal Arms prepare;
In floating Groves the Enemy drew near,

Loud did the *Belgian Lyon* roar,
Upon our Coasts th' *Armada* did appear,
And boldly durst attempt our native shore,
Till his victorious Squadrons checkt their pride,
And did in Triumph o're the Ocean ride.

With

With thunder, lightning, and with clouds of smoke
 He did their Insolence restrain,
 And gave his dreadful Law to all the main,
 Whose surly billows trembled when he spoke,
 And put their willing necks under his Yoke;
 This the stupendious Vanquisher has done,
 Whose high Prerogative it was alone
 To raise a ruin'd, and secure an envy'd Throne.

V.

Then angry Heav'n began to frown,
 From Heaven a dreadful Pestilence came down,
 On every side did lamentations rise,
 Baleful sigh, and heavy groan,
 All was plain't, and all was moan!
 The pious Friend with trembling love,
 Scarce had his latest kindness done,
 In sealing up his dead Friends eyes,
 Ere with his own surprizing fate he strove,
 And wanted one to close his own,
 Death's Iron Scepter bore the sway
 O're our Imperial *Golgotha*,
 Yet he with kind, though unconcerned eyes,
 Durst

31

VI.

The flaming City next implor'd his Aid,
And seasonably pray'd (obey'd,
His force against the Fire, whose Arms the Seas
Wide did th' impetuous torrent spread,
Then those goodly Fabricks fell,
Temples themselves promiscuously there
Drop't down, and in the common ruin buried
The City turned into one *Mongibel*: (were,
The haughty Tyrant shook his curled head,
His breath with vengeance black, his face with
(fury red.
Then every cheek grew wan and pale,
Every heart did yield and fail,
Nought

Nought but Thy Presence could its Power sup-
 Whose stronger light put out the less, (pres
 As *London's* noble Structures rise,
 Together shall His Memory grow,
 To whom that beauteous Town so much does owe.
London! joynt Favourite with Him Thou wer't,
 As both posselt a Room within one heart,
 So now with thine indulgent Sovereign joyn,
 Respect his great Friends ashes, for He wep't o're
 (Thine.

VII.

Thus did the *Duke* perform his mighty Stage,
 Thus did that *Atlas* of our State,
 With his Prodigious Acts amaze the Age,
 While Worlds of wonders on his shoulders sate,
 Full of Glories, and of Years,
 He trod his shining, and immortal way,
 Whilst *Albion* compass'd with new floods of tears
 Besought his longer stay.
 Prophane that Pen, that dares describe thy bliss,
 Or write thine *Apotheosis*!
 Whom Heaven and thy Prince to pleasure strove,
 Entrusted with their Armies and their Love.

In

In other Courts 'tis dangerous to deserve,
 Thou did'st a kind, and grateful Master serve,
 Who, to express his Gratitude to Thee,
 Scorn'd those ill-natur'd arts of Policy.

Happy had *Bellisarius* bin
 (Whose forward fortune was his sin)
 By many Victories undone,
 He had not liv'd neglected, dy'd obscure,
 If for thy Prince those Battels he had won,
 Thy Prince, magnificent above his Emperour.

VIII.

Among the Gods, those Gods that dy'd like thee;
 As great as theirs, and full of Majesty

Thy sacred Dust shall sleep secure,
 Thy Monument as long as theirs endure:
 There, free from envy, Thou with them,
 Shalt have thy share of Diadem;

Among their Badges shall be set
 Thy Garter and thy Coronet;
 Or (which is statelier) thou shalt have
 A *Mausolæum* in thy Prince's breast,
 There thine embalmed name shall rest,

D

That

That Sanctuary shall thee save,
 From the dishonours of a Regal Grave:
 And every wondrous History,
 Read by incredulous Posterity,
 That writes of *him*, shall honourably mention *thee*,
 Who by an humble Loyalty has't shown,
 How much sublimer gallantry, and renown
 'Tis to *restore*, than to *usurp* a *Monarchs Crown*.

The Retirement.

Pindarique Ode made in the time of the
 Great Sicknefs 1665.

Stanza I.

IN the milde clofe of an hot Summers day,
 When a cool Breeze had fann'd the Air,
 And Heaven's face look't smooth and fair;
 Lovely as sleeping Infants be,
 That in their flumbers smilingly,
 Dandled on the Mothers knee,
 You hear no cry,

No harsh, nor inharmonious voice,
But all is innocence without a noise :
When every sweet, which the Sun's greedy ray
So lately from us drew,
Began to trickle down again in dew ;
Weary, and faint, and full of thought,
Tho' for what cause I knew not well,
What I ail'd, I could not tell,
I fate me down at an ag'd Poplars root,
Whose chiding leaves excepted and my breast,
All the impertinently-busi'd-word inclin'd to rest.

II.

I list'ned heedfully around,
But not a whisper there was found.
The murmuring Brook hard by,
As heavy, and as dull as I,
Seem'd drowsily along to creep ;
It ran with undiscovered pace,
And if a Pebble stopt the lazy race,
Twas but as if it started in its sleep,
Eccho her self, that ever lent an ear
To any piteous tone ;

The *City* which so many Rivals bred,
Sackcloth is on her loyns, and ashes on her head.

IV.

When will the frowning Heav'n begin to smile ;
Those pitchy clouds be overblown,
That hid the mighty Town,
That I may see the mighty pyle !

When will the angry Angel cease to slay ;
And turn his brandish't sword away
From that illustrious *Golgotha*,
London, the great *Aeldama* !

When will that stately *Landscape* open lie,
The mist withdrawn that intercepts my eye !

That heap of *Pyramids* appear,
Which now, too much like those of *Egypt* are :
Eternal Monuments of Pride and Sin,
Magnificent and tall without, but Dead mens bones
(within,

Translated out of a Part of
Petronius Arbiters Satyricon.

I.

After a blustering tedious night,
 The winds now hush't, and the black tempest o're,
 Which the crazy vessel miserably tore,
 Behold a lamentable sight!
 Rolling far off, upon a briny wave,
 Compassionate *Philander* spi'd
 A floating Carcass ride,
 That seem'd to beg the kindness of a Grave.

II.

Sad, and concern'd *Philander* then
 Weigh'd with himself the frail, uncertain state
 Of silly, strangely disappointed men,
 Whose projects are the sport of Fate,
 Perhaps (said he) this poor man's desolate wife
 In a strange Country far away,

Expects some happy day,
This gaily thing, the comfort of her life :

III.

His Son it may be dreads no harm,
But kindly waits his Fathers coming home,
Himself secure, he apprehends no storm,
But fancies that he sees him come.
Perhaps this good old man, that kist this Son,
And left a blessing on his head,
His arms about him spread,
Hopes yet to see him e're his Glass be run.

IV.

These are the Grand Intrigues of man,
These his huge thoughts, and these his vast desires
Restless, and swelling like the Ocean
From his birth till he expires.
See where the naked, breathless body lyes
To every puff of wind a slave,
At the beck of every wave,
That once perhaps war fair, rich, stout, and wise !

V.

While thus *Philander* pensive said,
Touch't only with a pity for Mankind,
At nearer view, he thought he knew the Dead,
And call'd the wretched Man to mind :
Alas, said he, art thou that angry Thing,
That with thy looks did'st threaten Death,
Plagues and Destruction breath,
But two days since, little beneath a King !

VI.

Ai me ! where is thy fury now,
Thine insolence, and all thy boundless power,
O most ridiculously dreadful thou !
Expos'd for Beasts and Fishes to devour.
Go sottish Mortals, let your Breasts swell high,
All your designs laid deep as Hell,
A small mischance can quell,
Outwitted by the deeper Plots of Destiny.

VII.

This haughty Lump a while before
 What it would do, when it came safe on shore,
 Sooth'd up it self, perhaps with hopes of Life,
 What for It's Son, what for It's Wife;
 See where the Man, and all his Politicks lie,
 Ye Gods ! what Gulphs are set between,
 What we have, and what we ween,
 Whilst lull'd in dreams of years to come, we die !

VIII.

Nor are we lyable alone,
 To misadventures on the mercylefs Sea,
 A thousand other things our Fate bring on,
 And Shipwrack't everywhere we be.
 One in the tumult of a Battel dies
 Big with conceit of Victory,
 And routing th' Enemy,
 With Garlands deckt, himself the Sacrifice.

Another,

IX.

Another, while he pays his vows
On bended knees, and Heaven with tears invokes,
With adorations as he humbly bowes,
While with Gums the Altar smoaks,
In th' presence of his God, the Temple falls,
And thus religious in vain
The flatter'd Bigot slain,
Breaths out his last within the sacred walls.

X.

Another with Gay Trophies proud,
From his triumphant Chariot overthrown,
Makes pastime for the Gazers of the Croud,
That envi'd him his purchas'd Crown,
Some with full meals, and sparkling bowls of wine,
As if it made too long delay,
Spur on their fatal Day,
Whilst others, (needy Souls) at their's repine.

Consider

XI.

Consider well, and every place,
Offers a ready Road to thy long home, (fate
Sometimes with frowns, sometimes with smiling
Th' Ambassadors of Death do come.

By open force or secret ambuscade,
By unintelligible ways,
We end our anxious days,
And stock the large Plantations of the Dead,

XII.

But (some may say) 'tis very hard,
With them, whom heavy chance has Cast away.
With no solemnities at all interr'd,
To roam unburied on the Sea:
No——'tis all one where we receive our doom,
Since, somewhere, 'tis our certain lot
Our Carcases must rot,
And they whom heaven covers need no Tomb.

A Thought of DEATH.

When on my sick Bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My Soul just now about to take her flight
Into the Regions of eternal night ;

Oh tell me you,
That have been long below.
What shall I do !

What shall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears !

Methinks I hear some Gentle Spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away !

Think with thy self that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty,
Better thou mayest, but worse thou can'st not be
Than in this Vale of Tears, and Misery.
Like *Cæsar*, with assurance that come on,

And

And unamaz'd, attempt the Lawrel Crown,
That lyes on th' other side Death's *Rubicon*.

Psalm 39. Verses 4th, 5th.

VERSE 4th.

LOrd let me know the Period of my Age,
The length of this my weary Pilgrimage,
How long this miserable Life shall last,
This Life that stayes so long, yet flies so fast !

VERSE 5th.

Thou by a Span measurest those days of mine,
Eternity's the spacious bound of Thine :
Who shall compare this little Span with thee,
With Thine Incomprehensibility :
Man born to trouble leaves this World with pain,
His best Estate is altogether vain.

Hymn for the Morning.

A Wake my Soul ! Awake mine eyes !
Awake my drowsie faculties ;
Awake and see the new born Light
Spring from the darksome womb of Night !
Look up and see th' unwearied Sun,
Already is his Race begun :
The pretty Lark is mounted high,
And sings her Mattins in the Sky ;
Arise my Soul ! and thou my voice
In Songs of Praise, early rejoyce !
O Great Creator ! Heavenly King !
Thy Praises let me ever sing !
Thy Power has made, thy Goodness kept
This fenceless Body while I slept,
Yet one day more hast given me
From all the Powers of darkness free :
O keep my heart from Sin secure,
My Life unblameable and pure,
That when the last of all my Days is come,
Chearful and fearless I may wait my Doom.

Anthem

Anthem for the Evening.

Sleep! downy sleep! come close my eyes,
Tyr'd with beholding Vanities!
Sweet slumbers come and chase away
The toiles and follies of the day:
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the World and learn to die.
O *Israels* watchful Shepherd spread
Tents of Angels round my Bed;
Let not the Spirits of the Aire,
While I slumber, me ensnare;
But save thy Suppliant free from harms,
Clasp't in thine everlasting Arms.

Clouds and thick darkness is thy Throne,
Thy wonderful Pavilion:
Oh dart from thence a shining Ray,
And then my midnight shall be Day!
Thus when the morn in Crimson drest,
Breaks through the Windows of the East,
My Hymns of thankful Praises shall arise
Like Incense or the morning Sacrifice.

Death.

D E A T H.

S O N G.

OH the sad Day,
When Friends shall shake their heads and say
Of miserable me,
Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath
See how he struggles with the pangs of Death !
When they shall say of these poor eyes,
How hollow, and how dim they be,
Mark how his Breast does swell and rise,
Against his potent Enemy !
When some old Friend shall step to my Bed-side,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide.
And when his next Companions say,
How does he do ? what hopes ? shall turn away,
Answering only with a lift up hand,
Who can his Fate withstand ?
Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e're my Rhetorick could before,
Perswade the peevish world to trouble me no more !
The

The Happy Man.

PEaceful is he, and most secure,
Whose heart, and actions all are pure;
How smooth and pleasant is his way,
Whilst Life's *Meander* slides away
If a fierce Thunderbolt do flie,
This Man can unconcerned lie;
Knows 'tis not levell'd at his head,
So neither noise, nor flash can dread:
Tho' a swift Whirlwind tear in sunder
Heav'n above him, or Earth under;
Tho' the Rocks on heaps do tumble,
Or the World to Ashes crumble,
Tho' the stupendious Mountains from on high
Drop down, and in their humble Vallies lie:
Should the unruly Ocean roar,
And dash its Foam against the Shore;
He finds no Tempest in his mind,
Fears no Billow, feels no Wind:

All is serene, all quiet there,
 There's not one blast of troubled Air,
 Old Stars may fall, or new ones blaze,
 Yet none of these his Soul amaze,
 Such is the man can smile at irksome death,
 And with an easie sigh give up his breath.

O N

Mr. JOHNSON'S

Several Shipwracks.

HE that has never yet acquainted been
 With cruel chance, nor Vertue naked seen,
 Stript from th' advantages (which vices wear)
 Of happy, plausible, successful, fair;
 Nor learn't how long the lowring cloud may last,
 Wherewith her beauteous face is overcast,
 'Till she her native glories does recover,
 And shine's more bright, after the Storm is over;
 To be inform'd, he need no further go,
 Than this Divine Epitome of woe;

P O E M S.

51

In *Johnson's* Life, and Writings he may find,
 What *Homer* in his *Odysses* design'd,
 A vertuous Man, by miserable fate,
 Rendred ten thousand ways unfortunate;
 Sometimes within a leaking Vessel tost,
 All hopes of life, and the lov'd Shore quite lost,
 While hidden Sands, and every greedy Wave,
 With horror gap't themselves into a Grave:
 Sometimes upon a Rock with fury thrown,
 Moaning himself, where none could hear his mone;
 Sometimes cast out upon the barren sand,
 Expos'd to th' mercy of a Barbarous Land:
 Such was the Pious *Johnson*, 'till kind Heaven
 A blessed End to all his toils had given:
 To shew, that vertuous men, tho' they appear,
 But *Fortune's* sport, are *Providence's* care.

An Explanation of an
E M B L E M
engraven by V. H.

SE'ft thou those *Raies*, the *Light* 'bove them?
 And that gay thing the *Diadem*?
 The *Wheel* and *Balance*, which are ty'd
 To th' *Gold*, black *Clouds* on either side?
 Se'ft thou the winged *Trumpetters* withal,
 That kick the *World's* blew tottering Ball?
 The flying *Globe*, the *Glass* thereon,
 Those fragments of a *Skeleton*?
 The *Baies*, the *Psalms*, the *Fighting men*;
 And *written Scroul*?—Come tell me then,
 Did thy o're curious eye e'r see
 An apter Scheme of Misery?
 What's all that *Gold* and sparkling *Stones*
 To that bald *Scull*, to those *Cross Bones*?
 What mean those *Blades* (whom men adore)
 To stain the *Earth* with purple gore?

PRO E MOS.

13

Sack stately Towns, silk Banners spread,
Gallop their Coursers o're the Dead,
Far more than this? and all to sway
But till those sands shall glide away.
For when the *Bubble World* shall fly
With stretch't out Plumes, when the brisk eye
Shall close with anguish, sink with tears,
And th' Angels Trumpets pierce our ears,
What's haughty Man or those fine things,
Which Heaven calls *Men*, though Men stile *Kings*?
Vain *World* adieu! and farewell fond renown!
Give me the *Glory*, that's above the *Crown*!

For THOUGHTS.

I.

Thoughts! What are they?
They are my constant Friends,
Who, when harsh Fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a smiling Ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

E 3

When

II.

When I retire, and flee
 The busie throngs of Company!
 To hug my self in privacy;
 O the discourse! the pleasant talk,
 'Twixt us (my thoughts) along a lonely walk!

III.

You like the stupifying Wine
 The dying malefactors sip
 With shivering lip,
 T' abate the rigour of their Doom,
 By a less troublous cut to their long home;
 Make me slight Crosses, though they pil'd up lie,
 All by th' enchantments of an extasie.

IV.

Do I desire to see
 The Throne and Majesty
 Of that proud one
Brother and Unkle to the Stars and Sun?

Those

P O E M S.

55

Those can conduct me where such Toyes reside,
And waft me cross the Main, *sans* wind and tide.

V.

Would I descrie
Those radiant Mansions 'bove the Skie,
Invisible by Mortal eye?

My *Thoughts*, my *Thoughts* can lay
A shining Track thereto,
And nimbly fleeting go:

Through all the eleven *Orbs* can shove away,
These too, like *Jacob's* Ladder, are
A most Angelick thorough-fare.

VI.

The Wealth that shines
In th' *Oriental* Mines;
Those sparkling Gems which Nature keeps
Within her Cabinets, the Deeps,
The Verdant Fields,
The Rarities the Rich World yields;
Rare Structures, whose each gilded spire
Glimers like Lightning; which, while men admire,

They deem the neighbouring Skie on fire,
 These can I gaze upon and glut mine eyes
 With Myriads of varieties.

As on the front of *Pisgah*, I
 Can th' *Holy Land* through these my *Opticks* spie.

VII.

Contemn we then
 The peevish rage of men,
 Whose violence ne'r can divorce
 Our mutual amity;
 Or lay so damn'd a Curse
 As *non addresses*, 'twixt my thoughts and me:
 For though I sigh in Irons, They
 Use their old freedom, readily obey;
 And when my bosome-friends desert me, stay.

VIII.

Come then my darlings, I'll embrace
 My Priviledge; make known
 The high prerogative I own,
 By making all allurements give you place;
 Whose sweet society to me,

A sanctuary and a shield shall be
 'Gainst the full Quivers of my Destiny;

Against **THOUGHTS.**

I.

INtolerable Racks !
 Distend my Soul no more,
 Loud as the Billows when they roar,
 More dreadful than the hideous thunder cracks.
 Foes inappeasable ! that slay
 My best contents, around me stand,
 Each like a *Fury*, with a Torch in hand ;
 And fright me from the hopes of one good Day.

II.

When I seclude my self, and say
 How frolick will I be,
 Unfetter'd from my Company
 I'll bath me in felicity !
 In come these Guests,
 Which *Harpy* like defile my Feasts,

Oh

Oh the damn'd Dialogues, the cursed talk
 'Twixt us (my Thoughts) along a fullen walk.

III.

You, like the poysonous Wine
 The Gallants quaff
 To make 'em laugh,
 And yet at last endure
 From thence the tortures of a *Calenture*,
 Fool me with feign'd refecti^ons, till I lie
 Stark raveing in a *Bedlam* extasie.

IV.

Do I dread
 The Starry Throne and Majesty
 Of that High *God*,
 Who batters Kingdoms with an Iron Rod,
 And makes the Mountains stagger with a nod?
 That sits upon the glorious Bow,
 Smiling at changes here below.
 These goad me to his grand Tribunal, where
 They tell me I with horror must appear,
 And antedate amazements by grim fear.

Would

V.

Would I descry
 Those happy Soul's blest Mansions 'bove the Sky,
 Invisible by mortal eye,
 And in a noble speculation trace
 A journey to that shining place?
 Can I afford a sigh or two,
 Or breath a Wish that I might thither go:
 These clip my Plumes, and chill my blazing Love
 That O I cannot, cannot soar above.

VI.

The Fire that shines
 In Subterranean Mines,
 The Chry stall'd streams,
 The sulphur Rocks that glow upon
 The torrid banks of *Phlegeton*;
 Those sooty Fiends which Nature keeps,
 Bolted and barr'd up in the deeps;
 Black Caves wide Chasms which who see confess
 Types of the Pit so deep, so bottomless!

These

These mysteries, though I fain would not behold,
 You to my view unfold :

Like an Old Roman Criminal, to the high
Tarpeian Hill you force me up, that I
 May so be hurried headly down, and Die,

VII.

Mention not then
 The strength, and faculties of men;
 Whose Arts cannot expell
 These anguishes, this bosome-Hell.
 When down my aking head I lay
 In hopes to slumber them away;
 Perchance I do beguile
 The Tyranny a while,
 One or two minutes, then they throng again;
 And reassault me with a trebled pain :
 Nay though I sob in Fetters, they
 Spare me not then ; perplex me each sad day,
 And whom a very *Turk* would pity, flay.

Hence,

VIII.

Hence, Hence, (my Jaylors!) *Thoughts* be
Let my Tranquillities alone. (gone;

Shall I imbrace

A *Crocodile*, or place

My choice affections on the fatal Dart,

That stabs me to the heart?

I hate your curst proximity,

Worse than the venom'd arrows heads that be
Cramm'd in the quivers of my Destiny.

A Dooms-Day Thought.

Anno 1659.

J*Udgment*! two syllables can make
The haughtiest Son of *Adam* shake,
'Tis coming, and 'twill surely come
The dawning to that *Day* of *Doom*;
O th' morning blush of that dread day,
When Heav'n and Earth shall steal away,

Shall

Shall in their Pristine *Chaos* hide,
Rather than th' angry Judge abide :
'Tis not far off ; methinks I see
Among the Stars some dimmer be ;
Some tremble, as their Lamps did fear
A Neighbouring Extinguisher.
The greater Luminaries fail,
Their Glories by Eclipses vail,
Knowing e're long their borrow'd Light
Must sink in th' Universal Night.
When I behold a Mist arise,
Strait to the same astonish't Eyes,
Th' ascending Clouds do's represent,
A Scene of th' smoaking Firmament.
Oft when I hear a blustering Wind
With a tempestuous murmur joyn'd,
I phancy, *Nature* in this blast,
Practice's how to breath her Last,
Or sigh's for poor Mans misery,
Or pant's for fair Eternity.

Goto the dull Church-yard, and see
Those Hillocks of Mortality.

Where

P O E M S.

63

Where proudest Man is only found
By a small swelling in the Ground ;
What Crouds of Carcasses are made
Slave to the Pickax and the Spade !
Dig but a foot, or two, to make
A Cold Bed, for thy dead Friends sake,
'Tis odds but in that scantling room,
Thou robb'st another of his Tomb,
Or in thy delving smit'st upon
A Shinbone, or a Cranion.

When th' Prison's full, what next can be
But the Grand Goal Delivery ?
The Great *Affize*, when the pale Clay
Shall gape, and render up its Prey ;
When from the Dungeon of the Grave
The meager Throng themselves shall heave,
Shake off their Linnen Chains, and gaze
With wonder, when the world shall blaze,
Then climb the Mountains, scale the Rocks,
Force op'n the Deep's Eternal Locks,
Beseech the Clifts to lend an Ear,
Obdurate they, and will not hear.

What ?

What? ne're a Cavern ne're a Grot
 To cover from the common Lo~~o~~?
 No quite forgotten Hold, to ly
 Obscur'd, and pass the reck'ning by?
 No——Ther's a quick all piercing Eye
 Can through the Earth's dark Center pry;
 Search into th' bowels of the Sea,
 And comprehend Eternity.

What shall we do then, when the voice
 Of the shrill *Trump* with strong fierce noise
 Shall pierce our Ears, and summon all
 To th' Universe wide Judgment-Hall?
 What shalt we do, we cannot hide,
 Nor yet that scrutiny abide:
 When enlarg'd Conscience loudly speaks,
 And all our bosom-secrets breaks;
 When flames surround, and greedy *Hell*
 Gapes for a Booty, (*who can dwell*
With everlasting Burnings!) when
 Irrevocable words shall pass on Men;
 Poor naked Men, who sometimes, thought
 These frights perhaps would come to nought!

What

What shall we do! we cannot run
 For Refuge, or the strict Judge shun?
 'Tis too late *then* to think what course to take,
 While we live here, we must provision make.

Virtus sola manet, cætera
 mortis erunt.

I.

N Unquam sitivi, quæ vehit aureo
 Pactolus alveo flumina; quo magis
 Potatur Hermus, tanto avaræ
 Mentis Hydrops sitibundus ardet.

II.

Frustrâ caduci carceris incola
 Molirer Arces; quilibet angulus
 Sat ossa post manes reponet;
 Exiguum satis est Sepulchrum.

III.

*Nil stemma penso, nil titulos moror,
Cerasve aviti sanguinis indices,
Sunt ista fatorum, inque Lethes
Naufragium patientur undis.*

IV.

*Ergo in quieto pectoris ambitu
Quid Mens anhelas fulgura gloriae,
Laudesque inanes, & loquacem
Quae populi sedet ore, famam.*

V.

*Letho superstes gloria, somnii
Dulcedo vana est, fama malignior,
Nil tangit umbras, nec feretrum
Ingreditur Popularis Aura.*

VI.

*Mansura sector, sola sed invidi
Expers Sepulchri sydera trajicit,*

Spernens.

*Spernensque fatorum tumultus
Pellit humum generosa Virtus.*

VII.

*Præceptis novorum cætera mensum
Consumet ætas, serâque temporis
Delebit annosi vetustas
Utopicæ nova Regna Lunæ.*

Translated.

I.

I Never thirsted for the Golden Flood;
Which o're *Pactolus* wealthy sands do's roul,
From whence the covetous mind receives no good,
But rather swells the dropſie of his Soul.

II.

On Pallaces why ſhould I ſet my Mind,
Imprison'd in his Bodies mouldring clay?
Ere long to poor ſix foot of Earth confin'd,
Whoſe bones muſt crumble at the fatal day.

III.

Titles and Pedigrees, what are they to me,
 Or honour gain'd by our Fore-Fathers toil,
 The Sport of Fate, whose gaudiest Pageantry
Lethe will wash out, dark Oblivion soyl?

IV.

Why then (my Soul) who fain would be at ease,
 Should the Worlds glory dazle thy bright Eye?
 Thy self with vain applause why should'st thou
 (please,
 Or dote on Fame, which Fools may take from
 (Thee?

V.

Praise after death is but a pleasant dream,
 The Dead fare ne'r the worse for ill report ;
 The Ghosts below know nothing of a Name,
 Nor ever Popular Carcasses court,

VI.

Give me the lasting Good, *Vertue*, that flies,
 Above the Clouds, that tramples on dull Earth,
 Exempt

Exempt from Fates tumultuous Mutinies,
Vertue, that cannot need a second Birth :

VII.

All other things must bend their heads to Time,
 By Ages mighty Torrent born away,
 Hereafter no more thought on than my Rhime,
 Or *Faëry* Kingdoms in *Utopia*.

Psalms 15. Paraphras'd.

VERSE I.

Who shall approach the dread ^{(Throne} *Jehova's*
 Or dwell within thy Courts, O *Holy One* !
 That happy man whose feet shall tread the Road
 Up *Sion's* Hill, that Holy Hill of God.

VERSE II.

He that's devout and strict in all he does
 That through the sinful World uprightly goes,
 The desp'rate heights from whence the great ones
 (Giddy with fame) turn not his head at all: (fall)

Stands firm on *Honour's* pinnacle, and so
 Fears not the dreadful precipice below.
 Of Conscience, not of Man, he stands in awe,
 Just to observe each tittle of the Law !
 His words and thoughts bear not a double part,
 His breast is open, and he speaks his heart.

VERSE III.

He that reviles not, or with cruel words,
 (Deadly as venome, sharp as two edg'd swords)
 Murthers his Friends repute, nor dares believe,
 That Rumour which his neighbour's soul may
 (grieve:
 But with kind words embalms his bleeding Name,
 Wipes off the rust, and polishes his fame.

VERSE IV.

He in whose eyes the bravest sinners be
 Extreemly vile, though rob'd in Majesty ;
 But if he spies a righteous man (though poor)
 Him he can honour, love, admire, adore,
 In *Israel's* humbled plains had rather stay,
 Than in the Tents of *Kedar* bear the sway :

He

He that severely keeps his sacred vow,
No mental reservation dares allow,
But what he swears, intends; will rather dy,
Lose all he has, than tell a *solemn Ly.*

V.

He that extorts not from the needy Soul,
When Laws his Tyranny cannot controul;
He whom a thousand Empires cannot hire,
Against a guiltless person to conspire.

He that has these perfections, needs no more
What treasures can be added to his store:
The *Pyramids* shall turn to dust, to hide
Their own vast bulk, and haughty Founders pride,
Leviathan shall dye within his deep;
The eyes of Heaven close in eternal sleep;
Confusion may o'whelm both Sea, and Land;
Mountains may tumble down, but he shall stand.

J O B.

FEw be the days that feeble man must breath,
Yet frequent Troubles antedate his death :
Gay like a flow'r he comes, which newly grown,
Fades of it self, or is untimely mown :
Like a thin Aëry shadow does he flie,
Lengthning and shortning still until he die :
And does *Jehovah* think on such a one,
Does he behold him from his mighty throne ?
Will he contend with such a worthless thing,
Or Dust and Ashes into Judgment bring ?

Unclean, unclean is man ev'n from the Womb,
Unclean he falls into his drowzy Tomb.
Surely, he cannot answer God, nor be
Accounted pure, before such purity.

Nudus Redibo.

NAked I came, when I began to be
A man among the Sons of Misery,
Tender, unarm'd, helpless and quite forlorn
E're since 'twas my hard fortune to be born;
And when the space of a few weary days
Shall be expir'd, then must I go my ways.
Naked I shall return, and nothing have,
Nothing wherewith to bribe my hungry grave.

Then what's the proudest *Monarch's* glittering
(Robe,
Or what's he more, than I that rul'd the Globe ?
Since we must all without distinction die,
And slumber both stark naked, He and I.

A N E L E G Y

On the E A R L of

S A N D W I C H.

IF there were ought in Verse, at once could raise,
 Or tender pity, or immortal praise,
 Thine Obsequies, brave *Sandwich* would require
 What ever would our nobler thoughts inspire ;
 But since thou find'st by thy unhappy fate,
 What 'tis to be unfortunately Great,
 And purchase Honour at too dear a rate :
 The Muses best attempt, how e're design'd,
 Cannot but prove impertinently kind,
 Thy glorious Valour is a Theam too high,
 For all the humble Arts of Poësie,
 To side with chance, and Kingdoms over-run
 Are little things Ambitious Men have done ;
 But on a flaming Ship thus to despise
 That life, which others did so highly prize ;

To fight with Fire, and struggle with a Wave,
And *Neptune* with unwearied Arms out-brave,
Are deeds surpassing fabulous Chronicle,
And which no future Age can parallel ;
Leviathan himself's outdone by Thee,
Thou greater wonder of the Deep, than he :
Nor could the Deep thy mighty Ashes hold,
The Deep that swallows Diamonds and Gold,
Fame ev'n thy sacred Relicks, does pursue,
Richer than all the Treasures of *Peru* :
While the kind Sea, thy breathless body brings
Safe to the bed of Honour and of Kings.

An Epitaph on the Earl of

S A N D W I C H.

HERE lies the Dust of that illustrious Man,
That triumph't o're the Ocean ;
Who for his Country nobly courted death,
And dearly sold his glorious Breath,

Or

Or in a word, in this cold narrow Grave

Sandwich the Good, the Great, the Brave,
(Oh frail Estate of Sublunary things!)

Lyes equal here with *Englands* greatest Kings.

P A S T O R A L.

I.

AT break of day poor *Celadon*
Hard by his Sheepfolds walk't alone,
His Arms a cross, his Head bow'd down,
His Oaten Pipe besides him thrown,
When *Thirsis* hidden in a Thicket by,
Thus heard the discontented Shepherd cry.

II.

What is it *Celadon* has done,
That all his Happiness is gone!
The Curtains of the dark are drawn,
And chearful morn begins to dawn,

Yet

Yet in my breast 'tis ever dead of night,
That can admit no beam of pleasant light.

VIII.

You pretty Lambs do leap and play
To welcom the new kindled day,
Your Shepherd harmless, as are you,
Why is he not as frolick too !
If such disturbance th' Innocent attend,
How differs he from them that dare offend !

IV.

Ye Gods ! or let me die, or live,
If I must die, why this reprieve ?
If you would have me live, O why
Is it with me as those that die !
I faint, I gasp, I pant, my eyes are set,
My Cheeks are pale, and I am living yet,

V.

Ye Gods ! I never did withhold
The fattest Lamb of all my fold,

But

But on your Altars laid it down,
And with a Garland did it crown.
Is it in vain to make your Altar smoke?
Is it all one, to please, and to provoke?

VI.

Time was that I could sit and smile,
Or with a dance the Time beguile,
My Soul like that smooth lake was still,
Bright as the Sun behind yon Hill,
Like yonder stately Mountain clear, and high,
Swift, soft, and gay as that same Butterfly.

VII.

But now *Within* there's Civil War,
In arms my rebel Passions are,
Their old Allegiance laid aside,
The Traitors now in Triumph ride;
That many headed Monster has thrown down
Its lawful Monarch Reason, from its Throne.

VIII.

See unrelenting *Sylvia*, See,
All this, and more is long of Thee :
For e'r I saw that charming face,
Uninterrupted was my peace,
Thy glorious beamy eyes have struck me blind,
To my own Soul the way I cannot find.

IX.

Yet is it not thy fault nor mine
Heav'n is to blame, that did not shine
Upon us both with equal Rays,
It made thine bright, mine gloomy days,
To *Sylvia* beauty gave, and riches store,
All *Celadon's* offence is, he is poor.

X.

Unlucky Stars poor Shepherds have,
Whose love is fickle *Fortune's* Slave :
Those golden days are out of date,
When every Turtle chose his Mate :

Cupid

Cupid that mighty prince then uncontroul'd,
Now like a little *Negro's* bought and fold.

On the Death of
Mr. Pelham Humfries.

Pastoral Song.

DId you not hear the hideous Grone,
The Shrieks, and heavy Mone
That spread themselves o're all the pensive plain;
And rent the breast of many a tender Swain?

'Twas for *Amintas*, Dead and gone.
Sing ye forsaken Shepherds, sing *His* Praise
In careless Melancholy Layes,
Lend *Him* a little doleful Breath:
Poor *Amintas*! cruel Death!

'Twas *Thou* could'st make Dead words to live,
Thou that dull numbers could'st inspire
With charming Voice, and tuneful Lyre,
That Life to all, but to *Thy self* could'st give;

Why

Why could'st *Thou* not *thy* wondrous Art bequeath

Poor *Amintas*! Cruel Death!

Sing pious Shepherds, while you may,

Before th' approaches of the Fatal Day :

For you your selves that sing this mournful Song,

Alas! e're it be long,

Shall, like *Amintas* Breathless be,

Though more forgotten in the Grave, than *He*.

The Mistake.

S O N G.

I Heard a young Lover in terrible pain, (least,

From whence if he pleas'd, he might soon be re-

He Swore, and he Vow'd again and again,

He could not out-live the turmoils of his breast;

But, alas, the young Lover I found (ground;

Knew little how cold Love would prove under

Why shou'd I believe, prithee *Love* tell me

(why,

Where my own Flesh and Blood must give me the

(Lye!

G

Let

Let 'em rant while they will, and their Destinies
 (brave,
 They'l find their flames vanish on this side the
 (grave;
 For tho' all addressee on purpose are made
 To be *huddled to bed*,--'tis 'nt meant, *with a spade!*

The Incredulous.

S O N G.

I'Le ne're believe for *Strephon's* sake
 That *Love*, (what e'r its fond pretences be)
 Is not a slave to mutability,
 The Moon and that alike of change partake :
 Tears are weak, and cannot bind,
 Vowes alas ! but empty wind :
 The greatest Art that Nature gave
 To th' Amorous Hypocrite to make him kind,
 Long e're he dies will take its leave,
 Had you but seen, as I have done,
Strephon's tears, and heard his mone,

How

83

Weeping at Parting.

SONG.

i.

GO gentle *Oriana*, go,
 Thou seest the Gods will have it so;
 Alas ! Alas ! 'tis much in vain
 Of their ill usage to complain,
 To curse them when we want relief,
 Lessens our courage, not our grief :
 Dear *Oriana* wipe thine eye,
 The Time may come, that thou, and I
G 2
Shall

Shall meet again, long, long to prove
What Vigour absence adds to love,
Smile *Oriana* then, and let me see,
That look again, which stole my liberty.

II.

But say that *Oriana* die,
And that sad moment may be nigh,
The Gods that for a year can sever,
If it please them can part us ever ;
They that refresh, can make us weep,
And into Death can lengthen sleep,
Kind *Oriana* should I hear
The thing I so extreamly fear,
'Twill not be strange, if it be said,
After a while, I too, am dead.
Weep *Oriana*, weep, for who does know,
Whether we e'r shall meet again below.

The Desperate Lover.

I.

O Mighty King of Terrors, come!
 Command thy Slave to his long home:
 Great Sanctuary Grave! to thee
 In throngs the miserable flie;
 Encircl'd in thy frozen Arms,
 They bid defiance to their harms,
 Regardless of those pond'rous little things,
 That discompose th' uneasy heads of Kings.

II.

In the cold Earth the Pris'ner lies
 Ransom'd from all his miseries,
 Himself forgotten, he forgets
 His cruel Creditors, and Debts;
 And there in everlasting peace
 Contentions with their Authors cease.
 A Turf of Grass or Monument of Stone,
 Umpires the pretty competition.

III.

The disappointed Lover there,
 Breaths not a sigh nor sheds a tear;
 With us (fond fools) he never shares
 In sad perplexities and cares;
 The Willow near his Tomb that grows
 Revives his Memory, not his Woes,
 Or rain, or shine, he is advanc't above
 Th' affronts of Heaven, and stratagems of Love.

IV.

Then mighty King of Terrors come,
 Command thy Slave to his long home.
 And thou my friend that lov'st me best,
 Seal up these eyes that brake my rest;
 Put out the lights, bespeak my Knell,
 And then eternally farewell.
 'Tis all th' amends our wretched Fates can give,
 That none can force a desperate man to Live.

The

The Fatigue.

A S O N G.

A Dieu fond World, and all thy Wiles,
Thy haughty frowns, and Treacherous smiles
They that behold thee with my eyes,
Thy double dealing will despise :
From thee false World, my deadly Foe,
Into some desert let me go ;
Some gloomy melancholly Cave,
Dark and silent as the Grave,
Let me withdraw ; where I may be
From thine impertinencies free :
There when I hear the Turtle grone,
How sweetly would I make my mone !
Kind *Philomel* would teach me there
My sorrows pleasantly to bear :
There could I correspond with none
But Heaven, and my own breast alone.

The Resolve.

S O N G.

I.

HAd *Phillis* neither Charmes, nor Graces
 More than the rest of women wear,
 Levell'd by Fate with common faces,
 Yet *Damon* could esteem her fair.

II.

Good natur'd Love can soon forgive
 Those petty injuries of time,
 And all th' affronts of years impute
 To her misfortune, not her crime.

III.

Wedlock put's Love upon the Wrack,
 Makes it confess 'tis still the same
 An Icy Age, as it appear'd,
 At first when all was lively flame.

IV.

If *Hymen's* slaves, whose ears are bor'd,
Thus constant by compulsion be,
Why should not choice indear us more
Than them their hard necessity.

V.

Phillis ! 'tis true, thy *Glass* does run,
But since mine too keeps equal pace,
My silver hairs may trouble thee,
As much as me thy ruin'd Face.

VI.

Then let us constant be as Heaven,
Whose Laws inviolable are,
Not like those rambling *Meteors* there
That foretel ills, and disappear.

VII.

So shall a pleasing calm attend,
Our long uneasie Destiny,
So shall our loves, and lives expire
From Storms and Tempest ever free.

Love's

LOVE's *Bravo.*

S O N G.

Why should we murmur, why repine
Phillis at thy Fate, or mine?
 Like Pris'ners, why do we those Fetters shake,
 Which neither thou, nor I can break?
 There is a better way to baffle Fate,
 If Mortals would but mind it,
 And 'tis not hard to find it;
 Who would be happy, must be desperate;
 He must despise those Stars that fright
 Only Fools that dread the night,
 Time and chance he must out-brave,
 He that crouches is their Slave.
 Thus the wise *Pagans* ill at ease,
 Bravely chastiz'd their surly *Deities*;

The Expectation.

S O N G.

I.

WHy did I ever see those glorious eyes
My famish't Soul to Tantalize?

I hop'd for Heav'n, which I had lately seen,

But ne'r Perceiv'd the Gulph between:

In vain for bliss did my presumptions seek,

My love so strong

I could not hold my tongue,

My heart so feeble that I durst not speak:

II.

Yet why do I my constitutions blame

Since all my heart is out of frame?

'Twere better (sure) my passion to appease,

With hope to palliate my disease:

And 'twill be something like Tranquillity,

To hope for that

I must not compass yet

And make a Vertue of Necessity.

CORIDON

Coridon *Converted.*

S O N G.

I.

When *Coridon* a Slave did lie,
 Entangled in his *Phillis* eye,
 How did he sigh! how did he grone!
 How melancholy was his tone!
 He told his story to the woods,
 And wept his passion by the floods;
 But *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, too too blame,
 Regarded not his sufferings, nor his flame.

II.

Then *Coridon* resolv'd no more
 His Mistress Mercy to implore;
 How did he laugh, how did he sing!
 How did he make the Forrest ring!
 He told his Conquests to the woods,
 And drown'd his passions in the floods:
 Then *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, less severe
 Would have had him, But he would none of her.

The

The Humourist.

S O N G.

I.

Good faith I never was but once so mad
To dote upon an idle woman's Face,
And then alas! my fortune was so bad
To see another chosen in my place,
And yet I courted her I'm very sure
With Love as true as his was, and as pure.

II.

But if I ever be so fond again
To undertake the second part of Love,
To reassume that most unmanlike pain,
Or after shipwrack do the Ocean prove;
My Mistress must be gentle, kind, and free,
Or I'll be as indifferent as she.

Fading

Fading Beauty.

S O N G.

I.

As poor *Aurelia* fate alone,
 Hard by a Rivulets flowry side,
 Envious at Nature's new born pride,
 Her flighted self, she thus reflected on.

II.

Alas! that Nature should revive
 These flowers, which after Winter's snow
 Spring fresh again and brighter shew,
 But for our fairer Sex so ill contrive!

III.

Beauty like theirs a short liv'd thing,
 On us in vain she did bestow,
 Beauty that only once can grow,
 An Autumn has, but knows no second Spring.

A DIALOGUE.

Cloris and Parthenissa.

C. **W**Hy dost thou all address deny?
Hard hearted *Parthenissa*, why?
See how the trembling Lovers come,
That from thy lips expect their doom.

P. *Cloris*! I hate them all, they know,
Nay I have often told them so;
Their silly politick's abhorr'd:
I scorn to make my Slave my Lord:

C. But *Strephon's* eyes proclaim his Love
Too brave, tyrannical to prove:

P. Ah *Cloris*! when we lose our pow'r
We must obey the Conquerour.

C. Yet where a gentle Prince bear's sway,
It is no bondage to obey:

P. But if like *Nero*, for a while,
With arts of kindness he beguile;

How

How shall the Tyrant be withstood !

When he has writ his Laws in blood !

C. Love, (*Parthenissa*) all command's,

It fetters Kings in charming bands ;

Mars yields his Arms to *Cupid's* darts,

And Beauty soften's savage hearts.

Chorus.

If nothing else can pull the Tyrant down,

Kill him with kindness, and the day's your own.

A DIALOGUE.

Orpheus and Euridice.

Orpheus.

E*uridice*, my fair, my fair *Euridice* !

My love, my joy, my life, if so thou be

In *Pluto's* Kingdom answer me, appear

And come to thy poor *Orpheus*.—

Eur. Oh I hear,

I hear, dear *Orpheus*, but I cannot come
Beyond the bounds of dull *Elizium*.

I cannot——

Or. And why wilt thou not draw near?
Is there within these Courts a shade so dear
As he that calls thee?

Eur. No, there cannot be
A thing so lovely in mine eyes as thee.

Orph. Why comes not then *Euridice*?——

Eur. The Fates

The Fates forbid, and these eternal Gates
Never unbarr'd, to let a Pris'ner go,
Deny me passage, nay grim *Cerberus* too
Stands at the door——

Orp. But cannot then
They that o're *Lethe* go, return agen?

Eur. Never, oh never!——

Orp. Sure they may, let's try
If Art can null the Laws of Destiny.
My Layes compacted *Thebes*, made every Tree
Loosen it's roots to caper, come let's see
What thou and I can do?

H

Chor.

Chor. Perchance the throng
Of Ghosts may be enchanted with a song
And mov'd to Pity.—

Eur. Hark the hinges move
The Gate's unbarr'd, I come, I come my love.

Chorus amborum.

'Twas Musick, only Musick, could un-spel
Helpless, undone *Euridice* from Hell.

The Batchelors Song.

Like a Dog with a Bottle, fast ti'd to his tail;
Like Vermin in a trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Or like a *Tory* in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog :
Such is the man, who when he might go free,
Does his liberty lose,
For a Matrimony noose,
And sells himself into captivity ;
The Dog he do's howl, when his bottle does jog,

The

The Vermin, the Thief, and the *Tory* in vain
Of the trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire com-
(plain.

But welfare poor *Pug* ! for he plays with his Clog;
And though he would be rid on't rather than his
(life,

Yet he lug's it, and he hug's it, as a man does his
(wife.

The Second part.

S O N G.

HOW happy a thing were a Wedding
And a Bedding,

If a Man might purchase a Wife

For a twelve month and a day ;

But to live with her all a man's life,

For ever and for ay,

'Till she grow as gray as a Cat,

Good faith Mr. Parson, I thank you for that.

*Advice to an Old Man of sixty three
about to Marry a Girle of sixteen.*

S O N G.

I.

NOW fie upon him ! what is Man,
Whose Life at best is but a span ?
When to an Inch it dwindles down,
Ice in his bones, Snow on his Crown,
That he within his crazy brain,
Kind thoughts of Love should entertain,
That he, when Harvest comes should plow,
And when 'tis time to reap, go sow,
Who in imagination only strong,
Tho' twice a Child, can never twice grow young.

II.

Nature did those design for Fools,
That sue for work, yet have no Tools.

What

What fellow can there be
 In such a strange disparity?
 Old age mistakes the youthful breast,
 Love dwells not there, but Interest :
 Alas Good Man ! take thy repose,
 Get Ribband for thy thumbs, and Toes,
 Provide thee Flannel, and a sheet of Lead,
 Think on thy Coffin, not thy Bridal Bed.

The S L I G H T.

S O N G.

I.

I Did but crave that I might kiss,
 If not her Lip, at least her Hand,
 The coolest Lover's frequent bliss,
 And rude is she that will withstand
 That inoffensive liberty :
 She (would you think it) in a fume
 Turn'd her about and left the Room,
 Not she, she vow'd, not she.

II.

Well *Chariessah* then said I,
 If it must thus for ever be,
 I can renounce my slavery,
 And since you will not, can't be free,
 Many a time she made me dye,
 Yet (would you think't) I lov'd the more,
 But I'll not tak't as heretofore,
 Not I, I'll vow not I.

The PENITENT.

S O N G.

I.

HAd I but known some years ago
 What wretched Lovers undergo,
 The Tempests and the storms that rise
 From their beloved's dangerous eyes,
 With how much torment they endure
 That Ague, and that Calenture ;

Long

Long since I had my error seen,
Long since repented of my sin:
Too late the Souldier dread's the Trumpets sound
That newly has receiv'd his mortal wound.

But so adventurous was I
My Fortunes all alone to try,
Needs must I kiss the burning light,
Because it shin'd, because 'twas bright,
My heart with youthful heat on fire,
I thought some God did me inspire;
And that blind zeal emboldned me,
T'attempt *Althea's* Deity;
Surely those happy pow'rs that dwell above,
Or never courted, or enjoy'd their love.

The Defiance.

S O N G.

I.

BE not too proud imperious Dame,
 Your charms are transitory things,
 May melt, while you at Heaven aim,
 Like *Icarus's* waxen wings;
 And you a part in his misfortunes bear,
 Drown'd in a briny Ocean of despair.

II.

You think your beauties are above
 The Poets Brain, and Painters Hand,
 As if upon the Throne of Love
 You only should the World command:
 Yet know, though you presume your title true,
 There are pretenders, that will Rival you.

III.

There's an experienc't Rebel, Time;
 And in his Squadrons Poverty;

There's

There's Age that bring's along with him
A terrible Artillery :
And if against all these thou keep'st thy Crown,
Th' Usurper Death will make thee lay it down.

The Surrender.

S O N G.

I Yield, I Yield ! Divine *Althea*, see
How prostrate at thy feet I bow,
Fondly in love with my Captivity,
So weak am I, so mighty thou !
Not long ago I could defie,
Arm'd with Wine and Company,
Beauties whole Artillery :
Quite vanquish't now by thy miraculous Charms ;
Here fair, *Althea*, take my Arms,
For sure he cannot be of Humane Race,
That can resist so bright, so sweet a Face.

The

The WHIM.

S O N G.

I.

WHy so serious, why so grave?
Man of business, why so muddy?
Thy self from chance thou canst not save
With all thy care and study,
Look merrily then, and take thy repose;
For 'tis to no purpose to look so forlorn,
Since the world was as bad, before thou wer't born
And when it will mend who knows?
And a thousand year hence 'tis all one,
If thou lay'st on a Dunghill, or satest on a Throne;

II.

To be troubled to be sad,
Carking Mortal 'tis a folly,
For a pound of pleasure's not so bad
As an ounce of Melancholy:

Since

Since all our lives long we travel towards Death,
Let us rest us sometimes, and bait by the way,
'Tis but dying at last; in our race let us stay,
And we shan't be so soon out of breath.

Sit the Comedy out, and that done,
When the Play's at an end, let the Curtain fall
(down.)

The R E N E G A D O.

S O N G.

I.

Remov'd from fair *Urania's* eyes
Into a Village far away :

Fond *Astrophil* began to say,

Thy charms *Urania* I despise ;
Go bid some other Shepherd for thee dy,
That never understood thy Tyranny.

II.

Return'd at length the amorous Swain,
Soon as he saw his Dietie,

Ador'd

Ador'd again, and bow'd his knee,

Became her Slave, and wore her Chain;
The needle thus that motionless did ly, (nigh.
Trembles, and moves, when the lov'd Loadstone's

PHILLIS *withdrawn.*

I.

I Did but see her, and she's snatch't away,
I find I did but happy seem;
So small a while did my contentments stay,
As short and pleasant as a dream:
Yet such are all our satisfactions here,
They raise our hopes, and then they disappear.

II.

Ill natur'd Stars that evermore conspire
To quench poor *Strephon's* flame,
To stop the progress of his swift desire,
And leave him but an Aëry Name;
Why art thou doom'd (of no pretences proud)
Ixion-like thus to embrace a Cloud?

Yet

III.

Yet why should *Strephon* murmur, why complain,
Or envy *Phillis* her delight,
Why should her pleasures be to him a pain,
Easier perhaps out of his sight?
No, *Strephon*, no! If *Phillis* happy be,
Thou should'st rejoyce, what e'r becom's of Thee.

IV.

Amidst the charming Glories of the Spring
In pleasant Fields and goodly Bowers
Indulgent Nature seems concern'd to bring
All that may bless her innocent hours,
While thy disastrous Fate has ty'd thee down
To all the noise and tumult of the Town.

V.

Strephon that for himself expects no good
To *Phillis* wishes every where,
A long serenity without a Cloud,
Sweet as these smiles of th' Infant year,

May

May *Halcyons* in her bosome build their nest,
 What ever storms shall discompose my breast;

The Malecontent.

S O N G.

P*hillis, O Phillis!* Thou art fondly vain,
 My wavering thoughts thus to molest,
 Why should my pleasure be the only pain,
 That must torment my easie breast?
 If with *Promethæus* I had stol'n fire,
 Fire from above,
 As scorching and as bright, as that of love;
 I might deserve *Jove's* ire,
 A Vulture then might on my Liver feed,
 But now eternally I bleed,
 And yet on Thee, on Thee lies all the blame,
 Who freely gav'st the Fewel and the Flame.

The Indifferent.

S O N G.

PRithee confers for my sake, and your own;
Am I the Man or no?

If I am he, thou can'st not do't too soon,

If not, thou can'st not be too slow;

If Woman cannot love, Man's folly's great

Your Sex with so much zeal to treat;

But if we freely proffer to pursue

Our tender thoughts and spotless love,

Which nothing shall remove,

And you despise all this, pray what are you?

The HARBOUR.

S O N G.

O Tedious hopes! when will the storm be o're!

When will the beaten Vessel reach the
(shore!

Long

Long have I striv'n with blustering winds and tides,
 Clouds o're my head, Waves on my sides!
 Which in my dark adventures high did swell,
 While Heaven was black as Hell,

O Love, tempestuous Love, yet, yet at last,
 Let me my Anchor cast,
 And for the troubles I have undergone,
 O bring me to a Port which I may call my own.

The Unconcerned.

S O N G.

NOW that the World is all in amaze,
 Drums, and Trumpets rending Heav'ns,
 Wounds a bleeding, Mortals dying,
 Widows and Orphans piteously crying;
 Armies marching, Towns in a blaze,
 Kingdoms and States at fixes and seven:
 What should an honest Fellow do,
 Whose courage, and fortunes run equally low?

Let

Let him live say I till his glass be run,
 As easily as he may, (ther,
 Let the wine, and the sand of his glass flow toge-
 For Life's but a winters day;
 Alas from Sun to Sun,
 The time's very short, very dirty the weather,
 And we silently creep away.
 Let him nothing do, he could with undone;
 And keep himself safe from the noise of Gun.

The Immoveable.

S O N G.

I,

What though the Skie be clouded o're,
 And Heav'ns influence smile no more ?
 Though Tempests rise, and Earthquakes make
 The giddy World's foundation shake ?
 A gallant breast contemns the feeble blow
 Of angry Gods, and scorns what Fate can do.

I

What

II.

What if Alarums sounded be,
And we must face our Enemy,
If Cannons bellow out a death,
Or Trumpets woo away our breath !

• 'Tis brave amidst the glittering Throng to die,
Nay *Sampson* like to fall with Company.

III.

Then let the Swordsman domineer,
I can, nor Pike, nor Musket fear ;
Clog me with Chains, your envies tire,
For when I will, I can expire ;

And when the puling fit of Life is gone,
The worst that cruel man can do, is done.

The WISH.

S O N G.

I.

Not to the Hills where Cedars move
Their cloudy head, not to the Grove
Of Myrtles in th' *Elysi* in shade,
Nor *Tempe* which the Poets made ;
Not on the spicy Mountains play ;
Or travel to *Arabia* ;
I aim not at the careful Throne,
Which Fortune's darlings sit upon ;
No, no, the best this fickle world can give,
Has but a little, little time to live.

II.

But let me soar, O let me flie
Beyond poor Earths benighted eye,
Beyond the pitch swift Eagles towre,
Above the reach of humane Power ;

Above the Stars, above the way,
Whence *Phæbus* darts his piercing ray.
O let me tread those Courts that are,
So bright, so pure, so blest, so fair,
As neither thou, nor I must never know
On Earth, 'tis thither, thither would I go.

The CORDIAL.

In the Year 1657.

S O N G.

I.

DId you hear of the News (O the News) how
(it thunders!
Do but see, how the block-headed Multitude won-
(ders!
One fumes, and stamps, and stares to think upon
What others wish as fast, Confusion.
One swears w'are gone, another just agoing,
While a third sits and cries,

'Till

Celadon on Delia singing.

O *Delia*! for I know 'tis she,
 It must be she, for nothing else could move
 My tuneless heart, than something from *Above*.

I hate all earthly Harmony :
 Hark, Hark ye *Nymphs*, and *Satyrs* all around !
 Hark how the baffled *Eccho* faints; see how she dies
 Look how the winged Quire all gasping lye's

At the melodious sound ;

See, while she sings

How they droop and hang their wings !

Angelick, *Delia*, sing no more,
 Thy song's too great for mortal ear;
 Thy charming notes we can no longer bear :
 O then in pity to the World give o're,
 And leave us stupid as we were before.

Fair *Delia* take the fatal choice,
 Or veil thy beauty, or suppress thy Voice.

His passions thus poor *Celadon* betray'd,
 When first he saw, when first he heard the lovely
Maid. *The*

The Advice.

S O N G.

I.

Poor *Celia* once was very fair,
 A quick bewitching eye she had,
 Most neatly look't her braided hair,
 Her dainty cheeks would make you mad,
 Upon her lip did all the *Graces* play,
 And on her breast ten thousand *Cupids* lay]

H.

Then many a doting Lover came
 From *seventeen* till *twenty one*,
 Each told her of her mighty flame,
 But she (forsooth) affected none,
 One was not handsome, t' other was not fine,
 This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

III.

But t'other day it was my fate,
 To walk along that way alone,

I saw no Coach before her gate,
 But at the door I heard her mone,
 She dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say
 Young Ladies marry, marry while you may!

T O

Mr. S A M. A U S T I N
 Of Wadham Coll. OXON,
On his most unintelligible Poems.

S I R,

I N that small inch of time I stole, to look
 I On th' obscure depths of your mysterious Book,
 (Heav'n bless my eye sight!) what Strains did I see
 What Steropegeretick Poetry!
 What Hieroglyphick words, what all,
 In Letters more than Cabalistical!
 We with our fingers may your Verses scan,
 But all our Noddles understand them can
 No more, than read that dungfork, pothook hand
 That in * *Queen's Colledge Library* does stand.

* *The Devils handwriting in Queen's Coll. Library at Oxford.*

The

The cutting Hanger of your wit I can't see,
For that same scabbard that conceals your Fancy :
Thus a black velvet Casket hides a Jewel ;
And a dark woodhouse, wholesome winter Fuel ;
Thus *John Tradeskin* starves our greedy eyes,
By boxing up his new found Rarities ;
We dread *Actæons* Fate, dare not look on,
When you do scowre your skin in *Helicon* ;
We cannot (*Lynceus*-like) see through the wall
Of your strong-Morter'd *Poems* ; nor can all
The small shot of our Brains make one hole in
The Bulwark of your Book, that Fort to win.
Open your meanings door, O do not lock it !
Undo the Buttons of your smaller Pocket,
And charitably spend those *Angels* there,
Let them enrich and actuate our Sphere.
Take off our Bongraces, and shine upon us,
Though your resplendent beams should chance to
(tan us.
Had you but stoln your Verses, that we might
Hope in good time they would have come to light,
And felt I not a strange Poetick heat
Flaming within, which reading makes me sweat,
Vulcan

Vulcan should take 'em, and I'd not exempt 'em,
Because they be things *Quibus lumen ademptum*.

I thought to have commended something there,
But all exceeds my commendations far,
I can say nothing; but stand still, and stare,
And cry, O wondrous, strange, profound, and rare,
Vast Wits must fathom you better than thus,

You merit more than our praise; as for us
The Beetles of our Rhimes shall drive full fast
The wedges of your worth to everlasting, (in,
My Much *Apocalyptiqu'* friend *Sam. Austin*.

T O M Y

Ingenious Friend

Mr. WILLIAM FAITHORN

On his Book of

Drawing, Etching, and Graving.

Should I attempt an Elogy, or Frame
Paper-structure to secure thy name,
The lightning of one Censure, one stern frown
Might quickly hazard that, and thy renown,
But this thy Book prevents that fruitless pain,
One line speaks purelier Thee, than my best strain,
Those Mysteries (once like the spiteful mold,
Which bars the greedy *Spaniard* from his Gold.)
Thou dost unfold in every friendly Page,
Kind to the present, and succeeding age.
That Hand, whose curious Art prolongs the date
Of frail Mortality, and baffle's Fate
With Brass and Steel, can surely potent be,
To rear a lasting Monument for thee:

For

For my part I prefer (to guard the Dead)
 A *Copper-Plate* beyond a Sheet of Lead.
 So long as Brass, so long as Books endure,
 So long as neat wrought-Pieces Thou 'rt secure.
 A [*Faithorn sculpsit*] is a charm can save
 From dull oblivion, and a gaping grave.

On the Commentaries of
 Messire Blaize de MONTLUC.

To the Worthy Translator

CHARLES COTTEN, *Esq;*

HE that would aptly write of warlike men,
 Should make his Ink of Blood, a Sword his
 At least he must their Memories abuse, (Pen;
 Who writes with less than *Maro's* mighty Muse:
 All (Sir) that I could say of this great Theme
 (The Brave *Montluc*) would lessen his esteem;
 Whose Laurels too much native verdure have
 To need the Praises vulgar Chaplets crave:

His

His own bold hand, what it durst write, durst do,
Grappled with Enemies, and Oblivion too;
Hew'd his own Monument, and grav'd thereon,
Its deep and durable inscription.

To you (*Sir*) whom the valiant Author owe's,
His second Life, and Conquest o're his Foes;
Ill natur'd Foes, Time and Detraction,
What is a Stranger's Contribution!
Who has not such a share of vanity;
To dream that one, who with such industry
Obliges all the World, can be oblig'd by me,

A Character of a

B E L L Y - G O D :

Catius and Horace.

Horace.

W Hence Brother Case, and whether bound so
(fast?

Ca. Oh, Sir, you must excuse me, I'm in haste,
I

*I dine with my (Lord Mayor) and can't allow
Time for our eating Directory now,
Though I must needs confess, I think my Rules
Would prove Pythagoras and Plato Fools.*

*Hor. Grave Sir, I must acknowledge, 'tis a
To interrupt at such a nick of time; (crime
Yet stay a little Sir, it is no Sin;
You're to say Grace e're Dinner can begin;
Since you at food such Virtuoso are,
Some Precepts to an hungry Poet spare.*

*Ca. I grant you Sir, next pleasure t'ane in eating
Is that (as we do call it) of repeating;
I still have Kitching Systems in my mind,
And from my Stomachs fumes a Brain well lin'd;*

*Hor. Whence, pray Sir, learnt you those inge-
(nuous Arts,
From one at home, or hir'd from foreign parts?*

*Ca. No names Sir (I beseech you,) that's foul
We ne'r name Authors, only what they say. (play,
1. 'For Eggs chuse long, the round are out of fa-
' Unfavoury and distasteful to the Nation (shion
' E're since the brooding Rump, they're addle too,
' In the long Egg lyes Cock a doodle-doo.*

2. ' Chuse

2. ' Chuse *Coleworts* planted on a soil that's dry,
' Even they are worse for th' wetting (verily :)

3. ' If Friend from far shall come to visit, then
' Say thou wouldst treat the Wight with mortal
' Do'nt thou forthwith pluck off the *cackling* head, (Hen,
' And impale Corps on *Spit* as soon as dead ;
' For so she will be *tough* beyond all measure,
' And Friend shall make a trouble of a pleasure,
' Steep't in good Wine let her her life surrender,
' O then she'l eat most admirably tender. (best,

4. ' *Mushromes* that grow in Meadows are the
' For ought I know there's Poyson in the rest.

5. ' He that would many happy Summers see,
' Let him eat *Mulberries* fresh off the Tree,
' Gather'd before the Sun's too high, for these
' Shall hurt his Stomack less than *Cheshire* Cheefe.

6. ' *Ausidius* (had you done so't had undon ye)
' Sweetned his morning's draughts of *Sack* with
' But he did ill, to empty veines to give (Honey ;
' Corroding *Potion* for a *Lenitive*.

7. ' If any man to *drink* do thee inveigle in,
' First whet thy *whistle* with some good *Metheg-*
(lin.
8. ' If

8. ' If thou art *bound*, and in continual doubt,
 ' Thou shalt get in no more till some get out,
 ' The *Muscle* or the *Cockle* will unlock
 ' Thy Bodies *trunk*, and give a vent to *nock*;
 ' Some say that *Sorrel* Steep't in Wine will do
 ' But to be sure, put in some *Aloes* too.

9. ' All *shell-fish* (with the growing *Moon* in-
 ' Are ever, when she fills her *Orb*, the best; (creast)
 ' But for brave *Oysters*, Sir, exceeding rare,
 ' They are not to be met with every where;
 ' Your *Wall-fleet Oysters* no man will prefer
 ' Before the juicy Grass-green *Colchester*;
 ' *Hungerford Crawfish* match me if you can,
 ' There's no such *Crawlers* in the Ocean. (think

10. ' Next for your Suppers, you (it may be)
 ' There go's no more to't, but just *eat* and *drink*;
 ' But let me tell you Sir, and tell you plain,
 ' To dress'em well requires a man of brain;
 ' His *Palate* must be quick, and smart, and strong,
 ' For Sauce, a very *Critick* in the Tongue.

11. ' He that pays dear for *Fish*, nay though the
 (best,
 ' May please his *Fishmonger*, more than his *Guest*,

' If he be ignorant what sawce is proper, w m m W '

' There's *Machiavel* in the *Menage* of a Supper.'

12. ' For *Swines-flesh*, give me that of the *Wild*

' Pursu'd and hunted all the Forreſt o're; (*Boar*;

' He to the liberal *Oke* ne're quits his love, *harm's* '

' And when he finds no *Acrons*, grunts at *Jove*;

' The *Hampshire* Hog with Pease and Whey that's

' Stid up, is neither good alive nor dead. (fed

13. ' The tendrels of the *Vine* are Sallads good

' If when they are in season understood.

14. If Servants to thy Board a *Rabbit* bring;

' Be wise, and in the first place carve a Wing.

15. ' When Fish and Fowl are right, and at just.

' A Feeders curiosity t' assuage, (age,

' If any ask, who found the Mystery?

' Let him inquire no further, I am he.

16. ' Some fancy Bread out of the Oven hot,

' Variety's the *Glutton's* happiest lot.

17. ' It's not enough the *wine* you have be pure

' But of your *Oyl* as well you ought be sure.

18. ' If any fault be in the *generous Wine*,

' Set it abroad all night, and 'twill refine,

' But never strein't, nor let it pass through *Linen*,

‘ *Wine* will be worse for that, as well as *Women*.

19. ‘ The Vintner that of *Malaga* and *Sherry*
 ‘ With damn’d ingredients patcheth up *Canary*,
 ‘ With *segregative* things, as *Pigeons* eggs,
 ‘ Strait purifies, and takes away the dregs.

20. ‘ An o’-re-charge’d Stomack roasted *shrimps*
 (will ease,

‘ The Cure by *Lettuce* is worse than the Disease.

21. ‘ To quicken Appetite it will behoove ye
 ‘ To feed couragiously on good *Anchovie*.

22. ‘ *Westphalia Ham*, and the *Bologna* Saw.
 (sage,

‘ For second or third course will clear a passage,

‘ But *Lettuce* after Meals! fie on’t, the Glutton

‘ Had better feed upon *Ram-ally-Mutton*.

23. ‘ Twere worth one’s while in Palace or in
 (Cottage,

‘ Right well to know the sundry sorts of *Pottage*;

‘ There is your *French Pottage*, *Nativity* broth,

‘ Yet that of *Fetter lane* exceeds them both ;

‘ About a limb of a departed *Tup*

‘ There may you see the green herbs boyling up,

‘ And fat abundance o’-re the furnace float,

‘ Resembling *Whale-Oyl* in a *Greenland Boat*,

24. ‘ The

24. 'The *Kentish* Pippin's best, I dare be bold,
'That ever *Blew-Cap Costard-monger* sold.

25. 'Of *Grapes*, I like the *Raisins of the Sun*.
'I was the First immortal Glory won,
'By mincing *Pickle Herrings*, with these *Raisin*
'And Apples; 'Twas I set the world a gazing,
'When once they tasted of this *Hogan Fish*,
'Pepper and Salt *enamelling* the Dish.

26. ' 'Tis ill to purchase great Fish with great
(matter,
'And then to serve it up in scanty Platter;
'Nor is it less unseemly some believe,
'From Boy with *greasy* fist *drink* to receive,
'But the Cup foul within's enough to make
'A *squemish* creature puke and turn up *stomach*.

27. 'Then *Brooms* and *Napkins* and the *Flan-*
(ders Tyle,
'These must be had too, or the Feast you spoil,
'Things little thought on, and not very dear,
'And yet how much they cost one in a year!

28. 'Would'st thou rub *Alabaster* with hands
(fable,
'Or spread a *Diaper* Cloth on dirty Table?

' More cost, more worship : Come : be a la mode

' Embelish Treat, as thou would do an Ode.

*Hor. O learned Sir, how greedily I hear
This elegant Diatriba of good chear !*

*Now by all that's good, by all provant you love,
By sturdy Chine of Beefe, and mighty Jove,
I do conjure thy gravity, let me see*

The man that made thee this Discovery ;

*For he that sees Original's more happy
Than him that draws by an ill-favour'd Copy,
O bring me to the man, I so admire !*

*The Flint from whence brake forth these sparks of
(fire,*

What satisfaction would the Vision bring ?

If sweet the stream, much sweeter is the spring.

The

The Disappointed.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

O Ft have I pondered in my pensive heart,
When even from my self I've stoll'n away,
And heavily considered many a day,
The cause of all my anguish, and my smart:
Sometimes besides a shady grove,
(As dark as were my thoughts, as close as was my
Dejected have I walk't alone, (Love
Acquainting scarce my self with my own moan,
Once I resolv'd undauntedly to hear,
What 'twas my *Passions* had to say,
To find the reason of that uproar there,
And calmly, if I could, to end the fray:
No sooner was my resolution known
But I was all 'Confusion.
Fierce *Anger*, flattering *Hope*, and black *Despair*,
Bloody *Revenge*, and most ignoble *Fear*,
Now altogether clamorous were,

My breast a perfect *Chaös* grown,
 A mass of nameless things together hurl'd,
 Like th' formless *Embrio* of the unborn world,
 Just as it's rousing from eternal night,
 Before the great *Creator* said, *Let there be Light*:

II.

Thrice happy then are beasts said I,
 That underneath these pleasant Coverts ly,
 They only sleep, and eat, and drink,
 They never meditate, nor think;
 Or if they do, have not the happy art
 To vent the overflowings of their heart,
 They without trouble live, without disorder die,
 Regardless of Eternity.

I said, I would like them be wise,
 And not perplex my self in vain,
 Nor bite the uneasy Chain,
 No, no, said I, I will *Philosophize*!
 And all the ill-natur'd World despise:

But when I had reflected long,
 And with deliberation thought (taught,
 How few have practis'd, what they gravely
 (Tho'

(Tho' 'tis but folly to complain)
I judg'd it worth a generous disdain,
And brave defiance in *Pindarique* Song.

O N

Mrs. *E. MONTAGU*'s

Blushing in the Cross Bath.

A Translation.

I,

A Midst the Nymphs (the glory of the flood)
Thus once the beauteous *Ægle* stood,
So sweet a tincture e're the Sun appears
The bashful ruddy morning wears :
Thus through a Crystal wave the Coral glow's,
And such a Blush sits on the Virgin Rose.

II,

Ye envied Waters that with safety may
Around her snowy Bosome play,

K 4

Cherish

Cherish with gentle heart that Noble Brest
 Which so much Innocence ha's blest,
 Such Innocence as hitherto ne're knew,
 What mischief *Venus*, or her Son could do.

Then from this hallow'd place
 Let the profane and wanton Eye withdraw,
 For Virtue clad in Scarlet strikes an aw
 From the Tribunal of a lovely Face.

Il Infido.

I Breath 'tis true, wretch that I am, 'tis true,
 But if to live, be only not to dye,
 If nothing in that bubble Life be gay,
 But all to a Tear must melt away;
 Let Fools and Stoicks be cajol'd, say I:
 Thou that lik'st Ease and Love, like me
 When once the world says farewell both to thee,
 What hast thou more to do
 Than in disdain to say, Thou foolish world, Adieu!

There

There was a time, Fool that I was ! when I
Believ'd there might be something here below,
A seeming Cordial to my drooping Heart

That might allay my bitter smart :
I call'd it *Friend* :—but ô th' Inconstancy
Of humane things ! I try'd it long,
It's Love was fervent, and I phancy'd strong ;
But now I plainly see,
Or 'tis withdrawn, or else 'twas All Hypocrisie.

III.

I saw thy much-estranged eyes, I saw
False *Musidore* thy formal alter'd Face,
When thou betrayd'st my seeming happiness,
And coldly took'st my kind Address :
But know that I will live ; for in thy place
Heaven has provided for me now
A constant Friend, that dares not break a vow,
That *Friend* will I embrace,
And never more my overweaning Love misplace.

Il Immaturo.

E P I T A P H.

BRave Youth, whose too too hasty Fate
 His Glories did anticipate,
 Whose active Soul had laid the great design
 To emulate those *Herods* of his Line!

He shew'd the world how great a Man
 Might be contracted to a Span;
 How soon our teeming expectations fail,
 How little tears and wishes can prevail:

Could Life hold out with these supplies
 He'd liv'd still in his Parents eyes,
 And this cold stone had ne'er said, *HERE HE*
 (*LIES*

O N
Mrs. D O V E.

E P I T A P H.

TIs thus—and thus farewell to all
Vain Mortals do Perfection call;
To Beauty, Goodness, Modesty
Sweet temper, and true Piety.
The rest an *Angel's* Pen must tell;
Long, Long, beloved Dust Farewell.
Those Blessings which we highliest prize
Are soonest ravish'd from our Eyes.

Lucretius.

S*Ed jam nec Domus accipiet te lata, nec Uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præcipere, Et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.*

Paraphrased

Paraphrased.

When thou shalt leave this miserable Life,
 Farewell thy House, farewell thy charming
 (Wife,
 Farewell for ever to thy *Souls* delight,
 Quite blotted out in everlasting night!
 No more thy pretty darling Babes shall greet
 (thee
 By the kind Name, nor strive who first shall meet
 (thee,
 Their Kisses with a secret pleasure shall not move
 (thee,
 For who shall say to thy Dead Clay, I Love
 (Thee!

O N

Dr. B R O W N ' S
T R A V E L S.

THus from a foreign Clime rich Merchants
(come,
And thus unlade their Rarities at *home* :
Thus, undergo an acceptable toyle,
With Treasures to enrich their native Soyle.
They for themselves, for others you unfold
A Cargo swoln with Diamonds and Gold.
With Indefatigable Travels, They
The trading World, the Learned you survey ;
And for renown with great *Columbus* vye,
In subterranean Cosmography.

O N

O N

P O V E R T Y.

I.

O Poverty! thou great and wise-man's School!
 Mistress of Arts! and scandal to the Fool!
 Heaven's sacred Badge, which th' Heroes hereto-
 (fore,
 (Bright Caravans of Saints and Martyrs) wore
 To th' Host Triumphant valiant Souls are sent
 From those we call the Ragged Regiment:
 Sure Guide to everlasting Peace above.

Thou dost th' impediments remove;
 Th' unnecessary Loads of Wealth and State,
 Which make men swell too big for the strait Gate.

II.

Thou happy Port, where we from storms are free,
 And need not fear (false world) thy Piracy.
 Hither for ease and Shelter did retire
 The basie Charles, and wearied Casimire;

Abjur'd

Abjur'd their Thrones, and made a solemn Vow,
Their radiant heads to thee should ever bow.
Why should thy Tents so terrible appear
Where Monarchs Reformadoes were ?
Why should men call that state of Life forlorn,
Which God approves off, and which Kings have
(born ?

III.

Mad Luxury ! what do thy Vassals reap
From a Life's long debauch, but late to weep !
What the curs't Miser, who would fain Ape Thee,
And wear thy Livery, Great **POVERTY** !
The Prudent wretch for future Ages cares,
And hoards up sins for his impatient Heirs !
Full little do's he think the time will come
When he is gone to his long Home,
The Prodigal Youth for whom he took such pains
Shall be thy Slave, and wear thy loathed Chains.

Urania

URANIA

To her Friend.

PARTHENISSA.

A

DREAM.

IN a soft Vision of the night,
 My Fancy represented to my sight
 A goodly gentle Shade;
 Methought it mov'd with a Majestick Grace,
 But the surprizing sweetness of it's Face
 Made me amaz'd, made me afraid:
 I found a secret shivering in my heart,
 Such as Friends feel that Meet or Part:
 Approaching nearer with a timorous eye,
 Is then my *Parthenissa* Dead, said I?
 Ah *Parthenissa*! if thou yet art kind,
 As kind as when like me, Thou mortal wert,
 Who

When Thou, and I had equal share in Either's
(Heart,
How canst thou bear that I am left behind !
Dear *Parthenissa* ! O those pleasant hours,
That blest our innocent Amours !
When in the common Treasury of one Breast,
All that was Thine or Mine did rest.
Dear *Parthenissa* !---Friend ! what shall I say ?
Ah speak to thy *Urania* !
Oh envious Death ! nothing but thee I fear'd,
No other Rival could estrange
Her Soul from mine or make a Change.
Scarce had I spoke my passionate fears,
And overwhelm'd my self in tears :
But *Parthenissa* smil'd, and then she disappear'd.

On the Death of the Earl of
R O C H E S T E R.

Pastoral.

I.

AS on his death-bed gasping *Strephon* lay,
 Strephon the wonder of the Plains,
 The noblest of th' *Arcadian* Swains;
Strephon the Bold, the Witty, and the Gay:
With many a sigh and many a tear he said,
Remember me ye Shepherds when I'm dead.

II.

Ye triffling Glories of this world, Adieu,
 And vain applauses of the Age;
 For when we quit this Earthly Stage,
Believe me Shepherds, for I tell you true;
Those pleasures which from virtuous deeds we
Procure the sweetest slumbers in the Grave. (have,

Then

III.

Then since your fatal Hour must surely come,
 Surely your heads lye low as mine,
 Your bright Meridian Sun decline ;
 Beseech the mighty *Pan* to guard you home :
 If to *Elizium* you would happy fly,
 Live not like *Strephon*, but like *Strephon* dye.

O N

Dr. WOODFORD's

P A R A P H R A S E

O N T H E

C A N T I C L E S.

I.

ve
e,
en
WELL ! since it must be so, so let it be,
 For what do Resolutions signifie,
 When we are urg'd to write by Destiny ?

II.

I had resolv'd, nay, and I almost swore,
 My bedrid Muse should walk abroad no more :
 Alas ! 'tis more than time that I give o're.

III.

In the Recesses of a private Breast,
 I thought to entertain your charming Guest,
 And never to have boasted of my Feast.

IV.

But see (my Friend) when through the world you
 My Laquy-Verse must shadow-like pursue, (go,
 Thin, and Obscure to make a Foyl for you.

V.

'Tis true, you cannot need my feeble Praise,
 A lasting Monument to your Name to raise,
 Well-known in Heav'n by your Angeliqu' Layes.

VI.

There in indelible Characters they are writ,
 Where

Where no pretended Heights will easie fit,
But those of serious consecrated wit.

VII.

By immaterial defecated Love,
Your Soul it's Heavenly Origin do's approve,
And in least dangerous Raptures soars above.

VIII.

How could I wish (dear Friend!) unsaid egen
(For once I rank'd my self with tuneful men)
Whatever dropt from my unhallowed Pen!

IX.

The trifling Rage of youthful heat, once past,
Who is not troubled for his wit misplac'd!
All pleasant Follies breed regret at last.

X.

While Reverend *Don's*, and noble *Herbert's*
A glorious immortality shall claim, (Flame
In the most durable Records of Fame;

XI.

Our modish Rhimes, like Culinary Fire,
Unctuous and Earthy, shall in smoak expire;
In odorous Clouds your Incense shall aspire.

XII.

Let th' *Pagan*-world your pious verse defie,
Yet shall they envy when they come to dye,
Your wiser Projects on Eternity.

LAODAMIA

LAODAMIA

T O

PROTESILAUS.

O N E O F

O V I D ' S

Epistles Translated.

The ARGUMENT.

Protesilaus lying Windbound at Aulis, in the Grecian Fleet, design'd for the Trojan War, his Wife Laodamia sends this following Epistle to Him.

Health to the gentle Man of War, and may
 What *Laodamia* sends, the Gods convey.
 The Wind that still in *Aulis* holds my Dear,
 Why was it not so cross to keep Him here?

Let the Wind raise an *Hurricane* at Sea,
Were he but safe and warm ashore with me.
Ten thousand kisses I had more to give him,
Ten thousand cautions, and soft words to leave
In haste he left me, summon'd by the Wind, (him:
(The Wind to barbarous Mariners only kind.)
The Seaman's pleasure, is the Lover's pain,
(*Protesilaus* from thy bosome tane!
As from my faltering tongue half speeches fell,
(Scarce could I speak that wounding word *Fare*.
A merry Gale (at Sea they call it so) (well,
Fill'd every Sayl with joy, my breast with wo,
There went my dear *Protesilaus*——
While I could see Thee, full of eager pain,
My greedy eyes epicuriz'd on Thine,
When Thee no more, but thy spread Sayls I view,
I look't, and look't, till I had lost them too;
But when nor Thee, nor them I could descry,
And all was Sea that came within my eye,
They say (for I have quite forgot) they say
I strait grew pale, and fainted quite away;
Compassionate *Iphiclus*, and the good old man,
My Mother too to my assistance ran;

In haſt cold water on my Face they threw,
And brought me to my ſelf with much ado,
They meant it well, to me it ſeem'd not ſo,
Much kinder had they been to let me go;
My anguiſh with my Soul together came,
And in my heart burſt out the former flame:
Since which, my uncomb'd locks unheeded flow,
Undreſt, forlorn, I care not how I go;
Inſpir'd with Wine, thus *Bacchus* frolique rout
Stagger'd of old, and ſtraggl'd all about.
Put on, Put on, the happy Ladies ſay,
Thy Royal Robes fair *Laodamia*.

Alas! before *Troy's* Walls my dear does lye,
What pleaſure can I take in *Tyrian* dy?
Shall Curles adorn my head, an Helmet thine?
I in bright tiſſues, thou in Armour ſhine?
Rather with ſtudied negligence I'll be
As ill, if not diſguiſed worſe than thee.

O *Paris*! rais'd by ruins! may'ſt thou prove
As fatal in thy War, as in thy Love!

O that the *Grecian* Dame had been leſs fair,
Or thou leſs lovely haſt appear'd to Her!

O *Menelaus* ! timely cease to strive,
With how much blood wilt thou thy loss retrieve ?
From ye, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
And bring my Dear, laden with Laurels home :
But my heart fails me, when I think of War,
The sad reflection costs me many a tear :
I tremble when I hear the very name
Of every place where thou shalt fight for fame ;
Besides th' adventurous *Ravisher* well knew
The safest Arts his Villany to pursue ;
In noble dress he did her heart surprize,
With Gold he dazled her unguarded Eyes,
He back't his Rape with Ships and armed Men,
Thus storm'd, thus took the beauteous Fortrefs in.
Against the power of Love and force of Arms
There's no security in the brightest Charms.

Hector I fear, much do I *Hector* fear,
A Man (they say) experienc'd in War,
My Dear, if thou hast any love for me,
Of that same *Hector* prithee mindful be ;
Fly him be sure, and every other Foe,
Lest each of them should prove an *Hector* too.

Remember

Remember, when for fight thou shalt prepare,
 Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, Have a care,
 For what wounds thou receiv'st, are giv'n to her.
 If by thy valour *Troy* must ruin'd be,
 May not the ruin leave one Scar on thee;
 Sharer in th' honour from the danger free!
 Let *Menelaus* fight, and force his way (lena.
 Through the false *Ravisher's* Troops to his *He-*
 Great be his Victory, as his Cause is good.
 May he swim to her in his Enemies Blood.
 Thy Case is different.—may'st thou live to see
 (Dearest) no other Combatant but me!

Ye generous *Trojans*, turn your Swords away
 From his dear Breast, find out a nobler Prey,
 Why should you harmless *Laodamia* slay?
 My poor good natur'd Man did never know
 What 'tis to fight, or how to face a Foe;
 Yet in Love's Field what wonders can he do?
 Great is his Prowess and his Fortune too;
 Let them go fight, who know not how to woe.

Now I must own, I fear'd to let thee go,
 My trembling Lips had almost told thee so.

When

When from thy Father's House thou didst with
 Thy fatal stumble at the door I saw, (draw,
 I saw it, sigh'd, and pray'd the sign might be
 Of thy return a happy Prophecy !

I cannot but acquaint thee with my fear,
 Be not too brave,---Remember,---Have a care,
 And all my dreads will vanish into Air.

Among the *Grecians* some one must be found
 That first shall set his foot on *Trojan* ground ;
 Unhappy she that shall his loss bewail,
 Grant, O ye Gods, thy courage then may fail.

Of all the Ships be thine the very last, (haste
 Thou the last Man that lands ; there needs no
 To meet a potent, and a treacherous Foe ;
 Thou'lt land I fear too soon, tho' ne're so slow.
 At thy Return ply every Sail and Oar,
 And nimbly leap on thy deserted shore,

All the day long, and all the lonely night
 Black thoughts of thee my anxious Soul affright :
 Darkness, to other Womens pleasures kind,
 Augments, like Hell, the torments of my mind.
 I court e'en Dreams, on my forsaken Bed,
 False Joys must serve, since all my true are fled.

What's

What's that same airy *Phantom* so like thee!
What wailings do I hear, what paleness see?
I Wake, and hug my self, 'tis but a Dream.—
The *Grecian* Altars know I feed their flame,
The want of hallow'd Wine my tears supply,
Which make the sacred fire burn bright and high.

When shall I clasp thee in these Arms of mine,
These longing Arms, and lie dissolv'd in thine?
When shall I have thee by thy self alone,
To learn the wondrous Actions thou hast done?
Which when in rapturous words thou hast begun
With many, and many a kiss, prithee tell on,
Such interruptions graceful pauses are,
A Kiss in Story's but an Halt in War.

But, when I think of *Troy*, of winds and waves,
I fear the pleasant dream my hope deceives:
Contrary winds in *Port* detain thee too,
In spite of wind and tide why wouldst thou go?
Thus, to thy Country thou wouldst hardly come,
In spite of wind and tide thou went'st from home.
To his own City *Neptune* stops the way,
Revere the *Omen*, and the God's obey.

Return

Return ye furious *Grecians*, homeward fly;
 Your stay is not of Chance, but Destiny :
 How can your Arms expect desir'd success,
 That thus contend for an *Adulteress* ?
 But, let not me forespeak you, no, — set Sail,
 And Heav'n befriend you with a prosperous gale !

Ye *Trojans* ! with regret methinks I see
 Your first encounter with your Enemy ;
 I see fair *Helen* put on all her Charms,
 To buckle on her lusty Bridegroom's Arms ;
 She gives him Arms, and kisses she receives,
 (I hate the transports each to other gives.)
 She leads him forth, and she commands him come
 Safely victorious, and triumphant home,
 And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
 But diligently do what e're she say ;
 Now he returns !---see with what amorous speed
 She takes the pond'rous Helmet from his head,
 And courts the weary Champion to her Bed. }

We Women, too too credulous alas !

Think what we fear, will surely come to pass.
 Yet, while before the Leaguer thou dost lie,
 Thy *Picture* is some pleasure to my Eye,

That,

That, I carefs in words moſt kind and free,
And lodge it on my Breaſt, as I would Thee;
There muſt be ſomething in it more than Art,
'Twere very Thee, could it thy mind impart;
I kiſs the pretty *Idol*, and complain,
As if (like Thee) 't would answer me again.

By thy return, by thy dear Self, I ſwear,
By our Loves Vows, which moſt religious are,
By thy beloved Head, and thoſe gray Hairs
Which time may on it Snow in future years,
I come, where e're thy Fate ſhall bid Thee go,
Eternal Partner of thy Weal and Woe,
So thou but live, tho' all the God's ſay No.

Farewel,----but prethee very careful be
Of thy beloved Self (I mean) of me.

TO THE

Excellent Master of MUSICK

SEIGNIOR

PIETRO REGGIO,

On His BOOK of

SONGS.

THo to advance thy Fame, full well I know
 How very little my dull Pen can do;
 Yet, with all deference, I gladly wait,
 Enthron'd amongst th' attendants on thy State:
 Thus when *Arion*, by his Friends betray'd,
 Upon his Understanding-*Dolphin* play'd,
 The Scaly People there Resentments show'd
 By pleas'd Levoltues on the wondring floud.

Great Artist! Thou deserv'st our loudest Praise
 From th' Garland to the meanest branch of Bays;

For

For Poets can but *Say*, Thou mak'st them *Sing*,
And th' Embrio-words do'st to Perfection bring;
By us the Muse conceives, but when that's done,
Thy Midwifry makes fit to see the Sun;
Our naked Lines, drest, and adorn'd by Thee,
Assume a Beauty, Pomp, and Bravery;
So awful and majestick they appear,
They need not blush to reach a Princes ear.
Princes tho to poor Poets seldom kind,
Their Numbers turn'd to Air, with pleasure mind,
Studied and labour'd tho our Poems be
Alas! they dye unheeded without Thee,
Whose Art can make our breathless Labours live,
Spirit and everlasting Vigour give.
Whether we write of *Heroes and of Kings*
In Mighty Numbers, Mighty Things,
Or in an humble *Ode* expresse our Sense
Of th' happy state of Ease and Innocence,
A Country Life, where the contented Swain,
Huggs his Dear Peace, and does a Crown disdain;
Thy dextrous *Notes* with all our Thoughts com-
Can creep on Earth, can up to Heaven fly; (ply,

In Heights, and Cadences, so sweet, so strong,
They suit a Shepherd's Reed, an Angels Tongue.

—————But who can comprehend
The Raptures of thy Voice, and Miracles of thy
(Hand?)

IN THE
TEMPLE
CHURCH.

H*Eic juxta jacet*
 Johannes King Miles,

Serenissimo Carolo Secundo

In Legibus Angliæ Consultus,

Illustrissimo Jacobo Duci Eboracensi

Sollicitator Generalis.

Qualis, Quantúsvé sis Lector

Profundum obstupeſce ;

Labia digitis comprime,

Oculos lachrymis ſuffunde.

En! ad pedes tuos

Artis, & naturæ ſuprema Conamina,

Fatorum Ludibria!

Non itá pridem

Erat Iſte Pulvis omniſariam Doctus

*Muzarum Gazophylacium,
 Eloquentiam calluit, claram, puram, innocuam,
 Legibus suæ Patriæ erat Instructissimus,
 Suis charus, Principibus gratus, Omnibus urbs.
 Sui sæculi (nus,
 Ornamentum illustre, Desiderium irreparabile.
 Hinc disce Lector
 Quantilla Mortalitatis Gloria
 Splendidissimis decoratæ Dotibus.*

*Dulcem soporem agite
 Dilecti, Eruditi, Beati Cineres !*

Obiit Junii 29. 1677.
 Ætat. 38.

ON THE
DEATH
OF MY
DEAR BROTHER
Mr. *RICHARD FLATMAN.*

Pindarigu' Ode.

Stanza I.

UNhappy Muse! employ'd so oft
On melancholy thoughts of Death,
What hast Thou left so tender, and so soft
As thy poor Master fain would breath
O're this lamented Herse?
No usual flight of fancy can become
My sorrows o're a *Brother's* Tomb.
O that I could be elegant in Tears,
That with Conceptions, not unworthy Thee,
Great as Thy Merit, Vigorous as Thy years,

I might convey Thy *Elegy*
 To th' Grief, and Envy of Posterity !
 A gentler Youth ne're Crown'd his Parent's cares,
 Or added ampler Joy to their grey Hairs ;
 Kind to his Friends, to His Relations Dear,
 Easie to all. — Alas ! what is there Here
 For Man to set his heart upon
 Since what we dote on most, is soonest gone !
 Ai me ! I've lost a sweet Companion
 A Friend, A Brother All in One !

II.

How did it chil my Soul to see thee lye
 Strugling with pangs in thy last Agony !
 When with a manly courage thou didst brave
 Approaching Death, and with a steddy mind
 (Ever averse to be confin'd)
 Didst triumph o're the Grave.
 Thou mad'st no womanish moan,
 But scorn'dst to give one groan :
 He that begg's pity is afraid to Dye,
 Only the Brave despise their Destiny.
 But, when I call to mind how thy kind Eyes
 Were

Were passionately fixt on mine,
How, when Thy fault'ring Tongue gave
And I could hear thy pleasing Voice no more; (o're,
How, when I laid my Cheek to thine,
Kist thy pale lips, and prest thy trembling Hand,
Thou, in return, smild'st gently in my Face,
And huggd'st me with a close Embrace,
I am amaz'd, I am unmann'd;
Something extremely kind I fain would say,
But through the tumult of my Breast,
With too officious Love oppress'd,
I find my feeble words can never force their way.

III.

Beloved Youth! what shall I do!
Once my Delight, my Torment now!
How immaturally art Thou snatch't away!
But Heaven shines on Thee with many a glorious
Of an unclouded, and immortal Day, (Ray
Whilst I lye groveling Here Below
In a Dark Stormy Night.
The blustering Storm of Life with Thee is o're,
For thou art landed on That happy Shore,
Where

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Whilst I lye groveling Here Below
In a Dark Stormy Night.
The blustering Storm of Life with Thee is o're,
For thou art landed on That happy Shore,
Where

Where thou canst Hope, or Fear no more ;
 Thence with compassion thou shalt see
 The Plagues, the Wars, the Fires, the Scarcity,
 The Devastations of an Enemy,
 From which Thy early Fate ha's set Thee free ;
 For when Thou went'st to thy Long Home,
 Thou wert exempt from all the Ills to come,
 And shalt hereafter be
 Spectator only of the Tragedy
 Acted on frail Mortality :
 So some One lucky Mariner
 From shipwrack sav'd by a propitious Star,
 Advanc'd upon a neighb'ring Rock looks down,
 And see's far off his old Companions Drown.

IV.

There in a state of perfect Ease,
 Of never interrupted Happiness,
 Thy large illuminated mind
 Shall matter of eternal Wonder find ;
 There dost thou clearly see, how, and from whence
 The Stars communicate their influence,
 The methods of th' Almighty Architect,

How

How he consulted with himself alone
To lay the wondrous Corner-stone,
When He this goodly Fabrick did erect.
There, Thou dost understand
The Motions of the Secret Hand,
That guid's th' invisible Wheele,
Which Here, we ne're shall know, but ever feel ;
There Providence, the vain man's Laughing stock,
The miserable Good-man's stumbling Block,
Unfolds the puzzling Riddle to thy Eyes,
And It's own wise contrivance Justifie's.
What timorous Man would n't be pleas'd to Dye,
To make so noble a Discovery ?

V.

And must I take my solemn leave
Till time shall be no more!
Can neither sighs, nor tears, nor prayers retrieve
One chearful Hour !
Must one unlucky moment sever
Us, and our Hopes, Us and our Joys for ever!--
Is this cold Clod of Earth that endear'd Thing
I lately did my Brother call ?

Are

Are These the Artful Fingers that might vie
With all the Sons of Harmony
And overpowr them all !

Is This the studious comprehensive Head
With curious Arts so richly furnished ?

Alas ! Thou, and thy Glories all are gone,
Buried in Darkness, and Oblivion.

'Tis so—and I must follow Thee,
Yet but a little while, and I shall see Thee,
Yet but a little while I shall be with Thee,
Then some kind Friend perhaps may drop one
(Tear for me.

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